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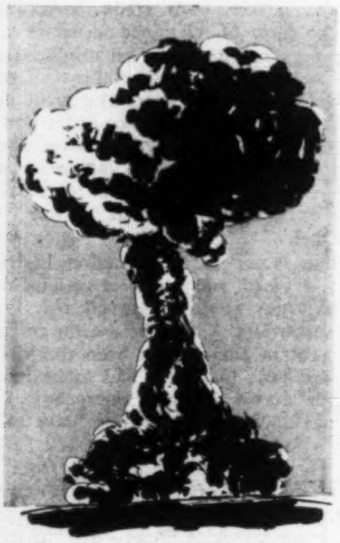

★

MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

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Murderers and Pharisees

EVENTS in Russia this week have underscored the monumental hypocrisy of the Soviet 'dedication' to the brotherhood of man. It is not yet possible to calculate the fall-out from the latest Soviet megaton-test; but it is certain to carry us another giant stride towards the threshold of universal danger. Nor, alas, can this test be judged in isolation. It is manna to those in America who are urging the President to embark on another huge series, conducted in the atmosphere; and their arguments were powerfully reinforced by Marshal Malinowsky, who boasts, in language Goering might have envied, that Russia now has anti-missile missiles and is prepared for a war which 'will be carried on, in spite of enormous losses, by massive multi-million-strong armed forces'. Since many experts believe that the giant megaton weapon is itself planned as a warhead for an anti-missile system, Malinowsky's speech was an invitation to the Americans to inaugurate a new phase in the arms-race.

At the same time, the cries of horror emitted by British and American leaders are also tinged with hypocrisy. The 26 Soviet Siberian tests have demonstrably raised the strontium levels; but the huge US Pacific tests, to which they were a response, had in the short term a far more direct effect on human health. It is too easily forgotten that US megaton tests in 1954 rained hot ash on the crew of the Japanese fishing-boat *Lucky Dragon*, all of whom were gravely affected and one of whom died. The 1,824 pages of the *Research into the Effects and Influences of the Nuclear Bomb Test Explosions* – all of them American – read like the evidence at a murder trial. At the time, the US government sought desperately to reduce this massive indictment, even claiming that Kuboyama of the *Lucky Dragon* died 'from liver disease caused by blood transfusions'. The record of the British government is equally contemptible, compounded of half-truths, evasions and now an odious Phariseeism.

When Britain herself was testing, the government went to grotesque lengths to prove that no health hazards would ensue. When France began testing in the atmosphere, in contemptuous defiance of the moratorium, not one syllable of condemnation was uttered by Mr Macmillan. But now that it is Russia's turn to stand in the dock, Mr Watkinson, selected by his boss for the role of Uriah Heep, rolls his eyes in indignation and talks piteously of unborn babes and sucklings. His professions of disgust, indeed, were mitigated only by his knowledge that in his own ministry the clamour for a British resumption of tests is rising – and he may soon be forced to trot out his earlier set of statistics to prove that British fall-out, at any rate, is harmless.

In a world so brutally blended of horror and hypocrisy, the public is bewildered, and there is a danger it may become defeatist. Yet there are four worthwhile tasks we can all try to accomplish. First, the government's statement made it clear that the measures it has taken to meet peace-time fall-out hazards, which on its own admission are increasing, are totally inadequate. Here is a limited, practical issue, where the public can enforce action. Secondly, there is still time to organise massive protests against the even greater test which, Mr Krushchev claims, will end the Soviet series at the end of this month. Thirdly, we must defeat those in Washington who are now campaigning for atmosphere tests of large megaton weapons. The President has indeed agreed to conduct underground tests, which produce no fall-out, but he has shown himself sensitive to humanitarian pressure on this issue; and if the public voice is loud enough, he will stay the Pentagon's hand. Finally, we must stifle at birth the demand to resume British testing. On this issue at least the Labour Party is genuinely united and can count on a vast body of public support. Britain may no longer have the power to halt the Gaderene swine; but it can at least stand aside from the stampede.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Warriors and Ghosts

ANTHONY HOWARD

Perhaps one should start with the War Office – for it was from there last week-end that the word went forth that British Army recruiting teams were scouring the Seychelles and Fiji Islands to produce soldiers of the Queen. It was clearly a good newspaper story (certainly not made any worse by the memory that a bare two weeks ago the Conservative Party conference was voting overwhelmingly for restrictions on immigration). Yet there was probably more to it even than that; for – by a combination of circumstances – the War Office's latest efforts look very much as if they have landed the government's defence policy in its worst trouble yet.

Certainly this week the small group of Conservative military critics seemed happier than they have done for a very long time. At the outset one may as well be clear who they are, since they have been widely lampooned as blimps and brigadiers. It is an odd piece of misrepresentation – if only because the actual blimps and brigadiers are almost all to be found toeing the official party line on the Conservative Party's totally moribund defence committee. Commander Sir John Maitland, Brigadier Sir Otho Prior-Palmer, Air Commodore Sir Arthur Vere Harvey – the roll call of the vice-chairmen alone reads like a muster parade of the Joint Services Staff College. Compared with such epauletted figures the critics might almost be mistaken for men in mufti; and it is as well to recognise that ranging, as they do, all the way from Mr Julian Critchley to Lord Lambton, from Mr Aubrey Jones to Sir Fitzroy Maclean, they defy any package classification. The thing which has always made the simmering Conservative defence revolt interesting has, in fact, been the variety of its sources.

If anything holds them together it is, of course, the conviction that the government made a blunder in undertaking as long ago as 1957 to abolish conscription. Ever since that time the Conservative conventional warriors have been fighting a rear-guard action in defence of the defeated, dismissed and finally banished Mr Antony Head. And this week at last they appeared to be confronting the government's official policy with something of a serious challenge.

To unravel the whole tangled tale it is probably necessary to go back all the way to Thursday 10 January 1957. It is – as they say – a date to remember; but as the members of the Cabinet assembled that morning, they did not all know that they were to hear the news of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation. For the arranged topic of discussion was the question of conscription – and it had been agreed that the matter, which had dragged interminably on throughout the year, was now to be resolved at Cabinet level.

In the end it never was. Lord Salisbury and Lord Kilmuir collected the voices as the ministers withdrew – and that, in fact, decided the issue. For the two great champions of forcing an end to the call-up had been the Minister of Labour, Mr Iain Macleod, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Harold Macmillan; and next morning Mr Harold Macmillan became Prime Minister. Without probably any great degree of surprise Mr Head (Sir Anthony Eden's pro-conscript Minister of Defence) found himself within 24 hours out of a job; and three months later Mr Duncan Sandys (the new Minister of Defence) presented his famous first White Paper to parliament.

From that moment the battle was on, and it has gone to and fro ever since. The government naturally held most of the cards, and it has until now succeeded in taking most of the tricks. Some of the means, admittedly, have been curious. There has, for one thing, been the abiding mystery as to what exactly is the government's target for a voluntary army. Part of the argument has consisted of an elaborate numbers game between two figures – 165,000 (which was the number the government was advised it could get) and 182,000 (which was the number the War Office insisted it would need). But by talking the language of 'floors' and 'ceilings' successive government spokesmen have succeeded in effectively confusing even what had seemed to be a clear-cut issue. And having survived the drastic army re-organisation of 1957, the burial of Blue Streak in 1960, and the lingering doubts about Skybolt, the government was probably entitled to feel – at least at the moment when Mr Head sailed safely away as an ennobled High Commissioner to Nigeria – that all was going to be well.

Today, however, one would give quite a lot to know what thoughts are passing through the mind of the British High Commissioner in Lagos. For the ball would now surely have been at his feet. There can be little doubt that the fiasco of Exercise Spearhead by BAOR in Germany, the ominous visit of Mr Gilpatric (the US Deputy Defence Secretary) to London, not to mention the repeated rumblings of three ex-CIGSs on the need for selective service, have had their impact on the confidence of Conservative MPs. It only, in fact, needed the vision of a last throw at raising legions in the Indian and Pacific Oceans for the word 'crisis' to start being whispered.

Problems of Giving. Kingsley Martin .. 590
Teachers Divided. Norman MacKenzie 590
London Diary. Charon 591
Stout Party: Profile of Evelyn Waugh .. 592
The Paris Pogrom. K. S. Karol 596
Albania's Odd Men In 596
Correspondence. John Saville, Prof. Peter Hilton, Philip Abrams, John Berger, David James MP and others 598
Mid-Autumn Books: Vanities and Servitudes. V. S. Pritchett 603
Reviews. Malcolm Muggeridge, D. J. Enright, A. J. P. Taylor, R. H. S. Crossman, John Coleman, John Freeman, Doris Lessing, John Gross, Donald Davie, Maurice Richardson, John Bowen, Lawrence Gowing, G. W. Stonier, Karl Miller 604
Poems. Ted Hughes, Geoffrey Grigson, John Wain, Louis MacNeice 604
Arts and Entertainment. Douglas Cooper, John Coleman, Roger Gellert, Roger Cooper 622
Week-end Competitions 626
City Lights. Taurus 626

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NEXT WEEK

Thoughts on American Defence

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Fair Shares with the Lion

A survey of the ecology of Wildlife

RITCHIE CALDER

No doubt the immediate threat can be exaggerated – the War Office (with its advertising ally, Colman Prentis & Varley) is said to remain quietly confident of getting, if not the recruits it needs, at least the number to which the government's credit is pledged. And some form of insurance seems already to have been taken out by an unofficial release of at least some of the contents of next year's Defence White Paper. The great new doctrine, it appears, is to be 'co-ordination' – thus avoiding any awkward question about the particular strength of an individual service by burying it in a grand total of 'a superbly-equipped, all-regular force of 400,000 men'.

Yet one factor in the situation has undeniably changed, and it is here perhaps that the government faces its gravest risk from its own supporters. Always before, the defence commitment in Europe has been the victim of any sacrifices that have had to be made. What now seems to have emerged is that obligations to Nato will in future have to be fulfilled – indeed that they may well be regarded as a token of good faith from an applicant desirous of joining the Common Market. If in order to meet them the legions have to come marching home – and the overseas garrisons are at least partly evacuated – the age-old defence argument will have acquired its most dangerous twist yet.

For the moment the Tory defence critics seem content to hold their hands. But if the Queen's Speech next Tuesday contains no hint of any effort to increase military manpower, some strange things may well start happening, at least in the committee rooms upstairs.

* * *

Monday's Commons debate on wage agreements and arbitration probably did something to still the rumours that have recently been rife in the Parliamentary Labour Party. They have mostly centred on the role that Mr Harold Wilson will be given on the opposition front bench in the next parliamentary session. Not for the first time the suggestion has been put around that the time has come for the Labour Party to acquire a new Shadow Chancellor, and this year's favoured candidate has been Mr Patrick Gordon Walker.

The great point, of course, about Mr Wilson has always been his sheer indispensability. And it can rarely have been more impressively displayed than in his attack this week both on Sir David Eccles and Mr Selwyn Lloyd. The debate itself – after the collapse of the teachers' resistance – could easily have turned into a pathetic anticlimax; that it did not do so was largely because its tone was set by the one member of the Labour front bench who has a full grasp of tactical astuteness. It is hard to believe, after this week, that the Labour leadership can choose this moment to remove its only really formidable debater from what is likely to be in the next few months its most exposed flank.

Comments on the Week's News

Ghana

Should the Queen Go?

Most of the British press comment on recent events in Ghana has been beside the point. It is true that civil liberties in Ghana are being eroded; that the Opposition can no longer exercise all its constitutional rights; that the government is arbitrary and contemptuous of the rule of law. This may disturb, but it should scarcely surprise us. As yet no West African state has developed a workable two-party system. No government in this area accepts the constitutional legitimacy of criticism; equally, opposition, where it exists, is irresponsible, fractional and usually anxious to exploit regional and tribal differences.

These emergent states are either federations, like Nigeria, in which a single party dominates each region, or one-party dictatorships, like Senegal or Liberia. For sound economic reasons, it is desirable that Ghana should remain a unitary state; but there are marked regional differences which threaten stability. Unhappily some (though not all) of Ghana's leading opposition figures have sought to aggravate regional unrest, hoping thereby to offset President Nkrumah's popularity.

The origins of the present crisis, however, are largely economic. Ghana, like every other state on the coast, has been living beyond its income. Huge public works programmes, widespread corruption, misconceived 'development schemes' have led to a massive accumulation of internal and external debt. Ghana has never possessed an integrated development plan, and it has been following the irresponsible advice of 'liberal' economic consultants. Earlier this year, however, the President commissioned a full-scale plan and has been making some strenuous, if not always consistent, efforts to carry it through. Unfortunately, the first stage necessarily involved increases in direct and indirect taxes of up to 30 per cent. Many of these are regressive – they include, for instance, steep increases in the duty on salt and matches – and fall heavily on the poorer members of the community.

The opposition have not hesitated to make the most of this new opportunity to undermine Nkrumah's position. Their reaction, however, has been entirely negative. The new Ghana plan is the first attempt, in this part of the world, to create steady economic growth within a framework of monetary stability. The alternative offered by the opposition is merely a reversal to the laisser-faire muddle which, elsewhere on the coast, is rapidly turning the new republics into political and economic slums.

We in Britain have a right and duty to criticise abuses of power in Ghana. But if such criticism is to attain its object, it must be made within a framework of sympathy and understanding. This has been missing in most of the recent press-reporting of Ghana, while some comment has been tinged with a spiteful note, verging on racism, which Africans are quick to detect and eager to resent. Certainly, it would be a disaster if the Queen's visit to Ghana were now to be cancelled (no such doubts were raised during her visit to Pakistan which, unlike Ghana, is a fully-fledged dictatorship). Rightly or wrongly, this would be regarded not only in Ghana but throughout the continent as a calculated insult to African nationalist feelings. The visit indeed must go on; equally it would be a welcome and well-advised gesture if President Nkrumah were to release his political prisoners before it takes place.

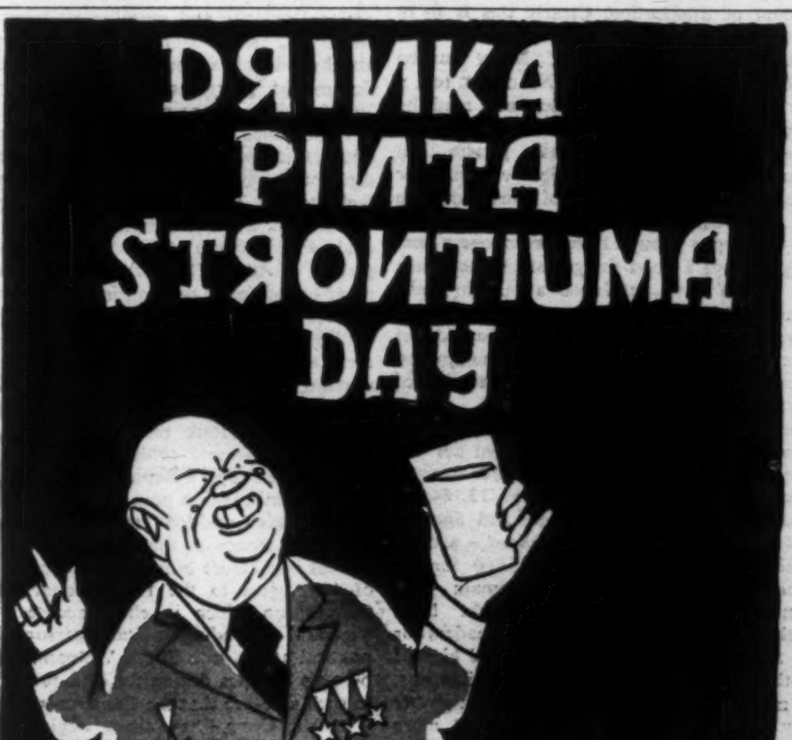
The Economy

Mr Lloyd's Illusion

Twice in the course of this week, in the economic debate on Monday and again at his meeting with the TUC on Wednesday, the Chancellor has shown that all his fine phrases about planning amount to little more than an attempt to impose a wage policy on the trade unions. On each occasion in its different context he succeeded in revealing that the government has no effective remedy for the deterioration of the economy caused by ten years of Conservative rule.

Mr Lloyd seems to believe that Britain can be made competitive with the Six by holding down wages – without any effective means of controlling profits or the character of investment – and, on the eve of entry into the Common Market, engineering a devaluation which would bring British prices into line with those of our competitors. This might provide a temporary solution for the crisis, but it would do nothing to eliminate the continuing relative weakness of the economy. The only merit in the Chancellor's new ideas is that they show that at long last the government has understood that its fits-and-starts monetary policy has collapsed in ruins and that measures of a different kind are needed if productivity is to be increased. There is no evidence that the government, despite the current fad for imitating French planning techniques, has any idea how to achieve the needed spurt. Planning means something more than the traditional cut in real wages. It means that a government must decide on priorities in investment and consumption which interested parties, whether trade unions or industrialists, must accept willingly, or because they are sanctioned by both fiscal and physical controls. There cannot be any real planning if there is unilateral discrimination against wage and salary claims, while industry is left to its own profit-and-loss devices.

The Labour Party is better placed to take this point, but it too must avoid the illusion that 'painless' planning can be achieved by the development of neat statistical and tax systems. It rightly understands that a wage pause alone will not do. That must inevitably encounter strong opposition from the trade unions, already angered by this government's systematic demolition of long-established practices of wage fixing. But neither the Labour Party nor the TUC has yet suggested in detail what remedy will serve, and by this reluctance both are leaving the initiative to the Chancellor. If the economy is to be renovated, there must of course be some kind of restraint on wages and consumption; where else can the surplus be found for large-scale investment? But there must, equally, be restraint on profits, and on the uses to which investment funds are put. Otherwise planning will be socially unacceptable and economically futile. To make it effective, it must contain built-in guarantees that as productivity rises, the wage and salary-earners will receive a proper share in the rewards – and this may well require an extension of public ownership as well as some kinds of physical controls. This is not a matter of dogma. It is the only alternative to the collapse into Europe. But it cannot be advanced effectively until the trade unions have considered what kind of wage-policy they would accept and the terms on which they could accept it.



Fleet Street

King Cecil

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* When I first knew Mr Cecil King he used to talk to me about the readers of the *Daily Mirror*. More recently I have noticed an occasional reference to 'my people' – it reminds me of Ernest Bevin. It is natural enough. But I hope Mr King will watch it. The number of 'his people' is now so large that one can only be glad that so far Mr King shows no sign of taking after Uncle Northcliffe or Uncle Rothermere, but remains on the whole content to produce reading matter with only an occasional stab at moulding minds. Never in history it seems fair to say has one man had such regular access to so many. The first National Readership Survey since Mr King pipped Mr Roy Thomson at the post and added Odhams Press to his already vast interests has now been issued.

And the figures reveal as one might expect that from the throne of his vast newspaper domain Mr King, with Mr Hugh Cudlipp to help him, now organises the reading habits of far more people than even the most ambitious of his predecessors could ever have dreamed of. Many of his readers, no doubt, never give him a thought – but those interested in the workings of mass social systems clearly need to. Consider some figures. Mr King now controls three daily newspapers, the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Record* in Glasgow. Their combined readership (as distinct from circulation) each day is estimated at over 21,470,000. He controls two Sunday papers, the *Sunday Pictorial* and the *People*. Their combined readership every Sunday is over 30,788,000. He controls practically all the large-circulation weeklies selling to women. The combined readership of his magazines is more than 43 million.

No doubt there is in these figures a certain amount of duplication. Clearly this is so in women's magazines, for there are not that number of women about. Many indeed probably read two or three. No doubt, too, a fair number of *Pictorial* readers also read the *People*, although this doubling up is less considerable among his daily papers. But even when the largest possible estimate for overlap is made, the total of those who see the world through the eyes of Mr King and Mr Cudlipp is enough to make anyone pause. It is perhaps a good thing that on the whole the British have developed a built-in resistance to believing everything they read in the newspapers – although even so the indirect effect on social attitude and 'value judgments' is probably very much greater than most of them realise.

No-one else approaches Mr King as a provider of intellectual nourishment for the literate – or nearly literate. Lord Beaverbrook, his nearest contender, has 13,164,000 readers for his *Daily Express* and another 2,149,000 for his *Evening Standard* – a daily total of 15,313,000 – and 9,645,000 for his *Sunday Express*. But there his domain – big enough in all conscience – ends. Lord Rothermere with a mere 7,909,000 readers for the *Mail* is, now that he has stripped himself of the *Sunday Dispatch* and other interests, no more than a princeling. And although Mr Roy Thomson's empire is wider and more international, and the number of newspapers he owns greater, in terms of actual British readership he is still a long way behind. And although the *News of the World* is still read by nearly 18,000,000 a week, it is more or less a solitary empire and not buttressed by massive forces of the same order in the daily and magazine field. If we want to know what the majority of the British people want, it is to Mr King that we must turn.

After these huge battalions the provincial press may seem small beer. All the same it is nice to know from a somewhat similar survey recently produced by the Newspaper Society that the readership of the provincial press is also rising. More than four out of five households in England and Wales, it is claimed, now take a 'local' paper of some kind, daily, evening or weekly. Altogether about 8,250,000 householders still remain loyal to the weekly 'local rag', and about six million take provincial evening papers. The readership of the remaining national mornings is of course much smaller – but their influence in their areas is very great. Long may it remain so. As Mr King's empire grows wider still and wider we have need of a few territorial barons around.

Vietnam

Rising Danger

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* General Maxwell Taylor has now presented to President Ngo Dinh Diem the proposals he intends making to Mr Kennedy for increasing the military and economic strength of South Vietnam, which the Pentagon has decided must be defended at all costs. Various steps were taken by the Diem government to impress General Taylor with the urgency of the situation. Within hours of his arrival in Saigon on 19 October, a state of emergency was declared throughout the country. This decision was rubber-stamped by the National Assembly which then put itself into deep-freeze for a year, during which period the President can 'issue all decrees to protect national security and mobilise all manpower resources'. Reports of heavy Communist attacks suddenly appeared, and the number of Communist guerrillas mysteriously rose to 20,000, twice as many as six months ago.

Meanwhile, South Vietnam's two neighbours, Cambodia and Siam, have broken off diplomatic relations and alerted troops on their frontier. The ostensible reason is the long dispute over a ruined temple. The reality is the cold war between these two strategically placed countries. The Siamese, enthusiastic members of Seato, with an insatiable demand for American aid, make no secret of their willingness to be used as a base against Communism. The Cambodians are just as enthusiastically neutralists, but support China's claims to membership of the UN and believe, as Prince Sihanouk recently said, that 'no major international problem can be solved without the People's Republic of China'.

The main question now is whether General Taylor has decided to advise sending American troops to this Asian storm-centre. He has had before him South Vietnam's note of 17 August to the International Control Commission which in effect accuses North Vietnam of sending military personnel and political agents into South Vietnam, of stepping up supplies during the past few months to such a degree that the Communist guerillas – the Viet Cong – have the strategic initiative. At the end of General Taylor's conferences with both American officials on the spot and President Diem, the South Vietnamese government presented yet another document charging North Vietnam with 'an elaborate and intensive programme of subversion, terror and direct aggression aimed at conquering the south and adding it to the Communist bloc'. Whether or not General Taylor considers the situation demands the physical presence of American troops, there is little doubt that he will advise more military aid to South Vietnam, especially in technical equipment for guerilla warfare, as well as more economic aid. Meanwhile Moscow, Peking and Hanoi radio stations have already charged the Americans with direct intervention. One spokesman in Hanoi said that, if the US sent troops, 'our people could not stand idly by'.

South Africa

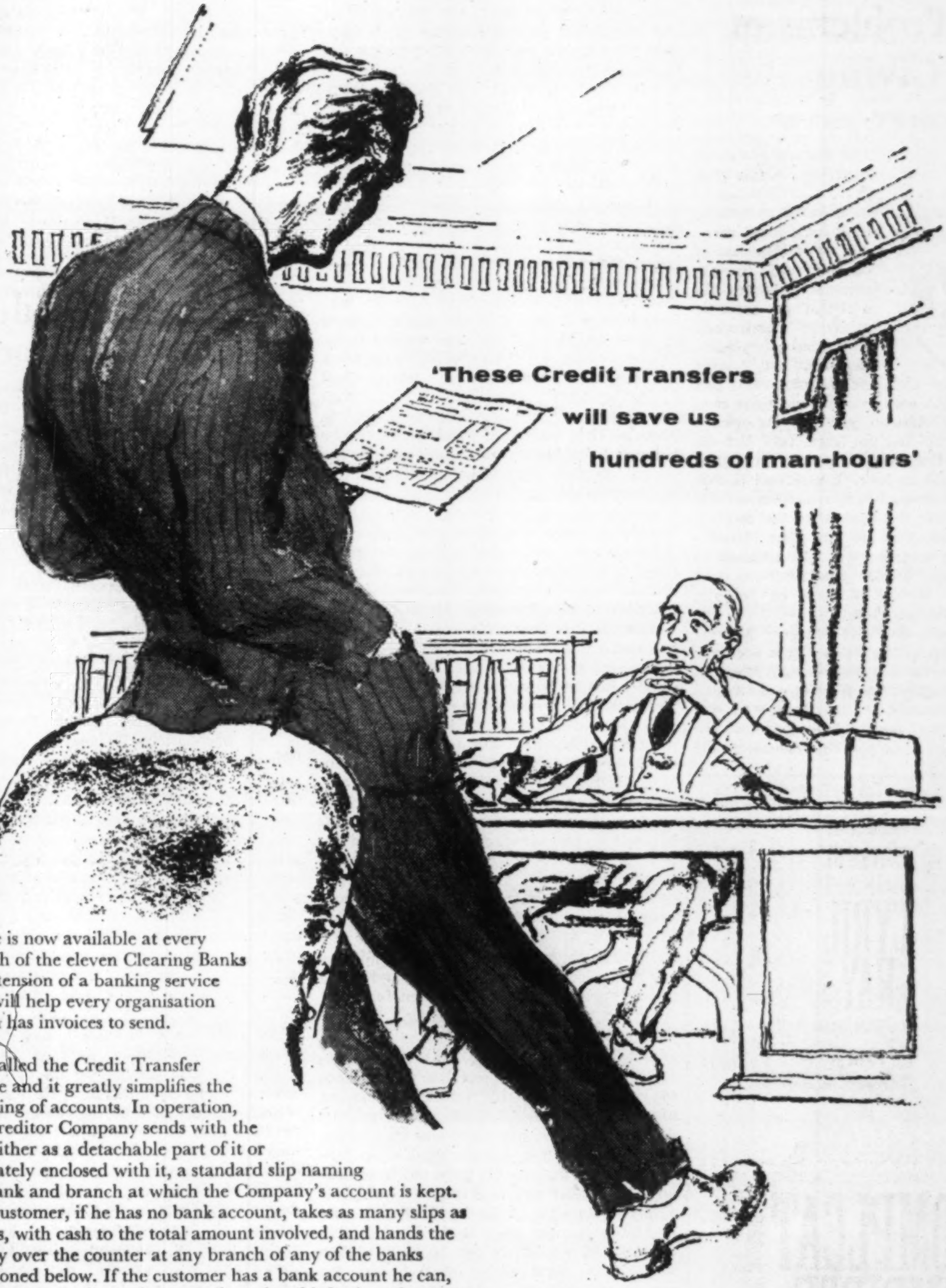
Progressive Progress

A Special Correspondent in Johannesburg writes: The wealthiest constituency in the country – a Johannesburg suburb where the average income must exceed £4,000 a year – was the only one to return a Progressive MP in last week's general election. This paradox was vividly illuminated when Mr Harry Oppenheimer, who presides over the Anglo-American Mining and Investment Corporation, announced at an eve-of-poll meeting: 'I have decided to vote for the Progressive Party because I am really a conservative.' It is the wealthiest English-speaking businessmen who, more than anyone else, detest the inefficiency and waste that the colour bar produces.

While the Progressive Party does not go so far as to advocate free trade unions for unskilled African miners, its candidates did conduct an election campaign that brought an entirely novel element of reason and honesty into the traditional squalor of South African party politics. Indeed, they succeeded in making their diluted liberalism a respectable cause, no small achievement in the midst of a race-ridden electorate. They were nobly assisted on the Rand by the courage of Laurence Gandar, editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, who made his pen a sword in the Progressive crusade.

Rejecting the revolutionary Congress slogan of 'one man, one vote', the Progressives stood for a limited extension of the franchise which would make Africans, Indians (even in Natal) and the Cape Coloureds about ten per cent of a future electorate; and for the first time white voters supported this policy in numbers large enough to hold out the promise of further success for the new party. Whether the Progressives can maintain their public impact with their parliamentary representation limited to one woman is now the question facing them. If they cannot, the outlook is grim, for the Nationalists are riding high with reassurance. The government intends to dominate every corner of the educational system; to tighten the censorship of books and newspapers; to reduce what is left of civil liberty to an empty shell, and to spend increasing sums on the importation and manufacture of arms, whether for internal use or for supply to immediate neighbours.

What of the Africans? On polling day a Johannesburg magistrate sentenced a dozen of their ablest leaders, including moderate men, to a year's imprisonment for organising a recent conference. If the Supreme Court endorses this judgment, it will have notified Africans that virtually every form of political propaganda is now criminal. It is therefore not surprising that Africans have been reassessing their commitment to non-violence.



There is now available at every branch of the eleven Clearing Banks an extension of a banking service that will help every organisation which has invoices to send.

It is called the Credit Transfer service and it greatly simplifies the handling of accounts. In operation, the Creditor Company sends with the bill, either as a detachable part of it or separately enclosed with it, a standard slip naming the bank and branch at which the Company's account is kept. The customer, if he has no bank account, takes as many slips as he has, with cash to the total amount involved, and hands the money over the counter at any branch of any of the banks mentioned below. If the customer has a bank account he can, of course, use a single cheque and conduct his business by post.

The advantages of the Credit Transfer service are considerable, both for those who supply goods and services and those who pay for them. The supplier is saved the trouble of dealing with a multitude of individual payments, for they go straight to his bank, from whom notification and the relevant slips will be received at regular intervals. The buyer is also saved both time and trouble: whether he has one bill to pay or twenty, a single payment at any bank pays them all.

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The Problems of Giving

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The United States of America, which has never wholly forgotten its colonial past, now finds itself in all manner of difficulties in offering aid to ex-colonial countries. As a world power it is primarily concerned with combatting Communism; but it also contains many idealistic people who feel guilty about the contrast between their own affluence and African poverty. Americans are being compelled to learn two difficult lessons. The first is that power may earn respect, but seldom love. The second is that gratitude plays no part in international affairs. This is especially the case when the motives for favours bestowed are not disinterested – or even when they are wrongly assumed to be self-seeking. These generalisations can be illustrated at the moment in Nigeria, South-East Asia and Ghana.

The onslaught on Miss Margery Michelmore, a member of the Peace Corps engaged, with the support of the Nigerian government, in teaching English in Nigeria, is indeed hard for Americans to bear, since in this case their aid was certainly disinterested. No one has yet explained how this American girl managed to write several hundred words on a postcard, nor how it came to be duplicated and distributed to the students at Ibadan. Miss Michelmore, who offered her resignation because of the outcry among the students, is clearly a very nice girl; she made no complaint about her own comfort, but wrote in sympathetic terms to a friend at home, saying that the 'squalor and primitiveness' of Nigeria was even greater than she had expected.

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CYRIL RAY
1961
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That this should seem an intolerable insult to Nigerians shows that even when young Americans, who have never known life without electricity or plumbing, have managed to adjust themselves to African conditions – a rare achievement – they will find it difficult to make themselves acceptable to Africans, who have been told that all Americans are agents of neo-colonialism. Even more absurd is the official protest by Zik's NCNC because a member of 'Experiment in International Living' wrote to a friend in California referring to 'poverty, disease and corruption' in Nigeria. That Nigerians should seize such a letter and demand an official apology for the 'insult' certainly illustrates the difficulties of international living.

A very different problem faces the US in Viet Nam. Some Americans who realise that H-bombs are not serviceable weapons against Communist infiltration hope to develop for use in Asia the guerrilla tactics classically described by Mao Tse-tung. Mr Walt Rostow, one of the President's White House advisers, has specialised in this field; and he has accompanied General Maxwell Taylor on his inquiry in Viet Nam. Joe Alsop, most gloomy and most bellicose of commentators, is also with General Taylor in Saigon. Even before the General has had time to get his inquiry under way, Alsop reports that conditions there are, as he has so often told us, 'very grave and very urgent', and that the reason for the long delay in American intervention is the cumbersome Juggernaut machinery of US administration. Other Americans, including James Reston (who, like Alsop, often sees the President), give a different picture. Reston suggests that neither General Taylor nor Mr Kennedy will rashly plunge into a 'jungle war 7,000 miles from home where the landscape and the logistics favour the enemy' and where the Communists can 'add ten men for every American and do it much quicker.'

The Volta scheme in Ghana provides another case of US hesitation in an ex-colonial area. This project has always been the centre of Nkrumah's plans for developing his country. It has been retarded largely by fluctuations in the world demand for aluminium. Now at last it was expected to go full-steam ahead. But the US government is talking of a further technical inquiry – which is surprising in view of the World Bank's support. The cautious men at the head of that organisation would not put up $100 million unless they were fully satisfied that the project was sound. If America now draws back – the Administration seems to be undecided – comparisons with the Aswan Dam, already whispered, will soon be shouted. It will be generally believed that Nkrumah is being punished for his recent friendly visit to Moscow and his increasingly autocratic methods of government. Warnings are already to be heard that, like Nasser, he will be compelled to lean more heavily on Russia, and that, whether he gets the financial aid he needs from the Russians or not, the result will be a lamentable loss of American face in West Africa and another push towards Moscow for African nationalism.

Here Americans find themselves in a still unresolved debate. Liberal Americans differ about whether 'aid' should be frankly used only as a means of making friends and influencing people whom they hope to keep on the western side in the Cold War or whether aid should be given just where it is most needed and economically most sensible. I should add that the confusion of motives is likely to continue, but that for America to draw back from the Volta scheme now would seem to combine all the disadvantages and, in the long run, to be only less damaging to America than another war of intervention in Asia.

Teachers Divided

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The hundreds of angry teachers who demonstrated in London on Monday claimed that they had been betrayed by the executive of the National Union of Teachers which, by a small majority, decided to make a deal with Sir David Eccles. The militants would have preferred a showdown. They feel that the NUT has half-heartedly mobilised its members for a struggle and then capitulated to the Minister's blackmail.

There is enough apparent truth in this criticism to cause serious trouble in the NUT. All this summer it has been drifting towards direct action more for lack of any other policy than from any general conviction among its leadership that such tactics would be successful. The militants, urging the leaders on, were strong enough at each stage of the negotiations to make compromise difficult, but too weak to command mass support among the members. They were themselves aware of this awkward fact. Each time it became clear that a majority of the members of the union would not resort to a particular type of direct action, a less drastic tactic was proposed. By the end of last week a narrow majority of the executive had drawn the inevitable conclusion that only a part of the membership would answer any kind of strike call. No doubt the mass-lobby would have been an impressive demonstration, and the token strikes might have caused widespread dislocation. But to judge from the strike votes taken recently – and these, it should be remembered, were in the areas selected for their militancy – the majority of teachers would have stayed at their posts.

Such disunity may be regrettable. It might not have been so marked if the union leadership had been more united and purposeful in these difficult weeks. But it is a hard fact, and Sir David Eccles knew it and traded on it throughout. There is, first, the widening gap between the active militants and the more passive mass of the membership. This was shown clearly in some of the strike votes, where branches noted for the militancy of the members who regularly turn up to meetings could not get a majority for strike-action in a postal ballot. Secondly, there is the deep-rooted sense of responsibility (one might almost say respectability) which makes teachers feel that striking is inappropriate to their profession. Thirdly, a great many teachers are in small schools or in 'genteel' districts where they are unlikely to develop or sustain a feeling of militancy sufficient to drive them to the unprecedented step of striking. And, finally, a great many teachers were clearly willing to settle for the immediate, if unsatisfactory, salary increase that Sir

David offered them. The fact that even the 'militant' National Association of Schoolmasters has abandoned direct action and its opposition to equal pay – in return for two places on the Burnham Committee – underlines these difficulties.

In this situation the NUT executive had to make a hard choice. It could have opted for an unsuccessful strike. In that case the government would have introduced the new legislation within a fortnight, and any hope of saving the Burnham system would have been lost for good. Or it could accept the minor concessions which Sir David offered. These mean that the salary issue has been separated from negotiations about the future of the Burnham Committee, and that discussion about further new salary scales can begin next summer.

There is, of course, no guarantee that the Burnham system has been saved: that battle lies ahead. But at least some time has been gained to prepare for it. The local education authorities, moreover, have agreed to join the teachers in opposing any attempt to single out the teaching profession for the first experiment in the government's new wages policy: they reasonably fear that effective Treasury control of teachers' salaries may drastically reduce their own freedom in educational policy. And Sir David has agreed to discussions about the way in which the Burnham system may be changed.

So much (though it is not very much) has been gained. But more will be gained if the teachers draw the right conclusion from this unhappy struggle. In terms of collective bargaining, they are still weak, inexperienced and divided – in their attitudes as well as in organisation. If the militants are to be more effective in the future they must educate their fellow teachers for political as well as industrial action.

London Diary

CHARON

I've no doubt the appearance – befittingly waxen – of Pierrepoint, the one-time public hangman, in the BBC's usefully abolitionist television programme last Tuesday, gave several million viewers a peculiar sensation. Even the most active English humanitarians show an oddly ambivalent attitude towards hangmen. The most famous, perhaps, of real life hangmen was the 19th century public executioner, Berry. His autobiography, *My Experiences as an Executioner*, is a unique document. Berry it was, who after the atrocious Goodale affair, when the prisoner's head was jerked right off the body, calculated the table of drops in feet in proportion to the prisoner's body-weight. When Berry went to measure the prisoner the night before hanging him, he always used to hand him a religious tract, seven verses long, which began:

My brother – sit and think,
While yet on earth some hours are left to thee.

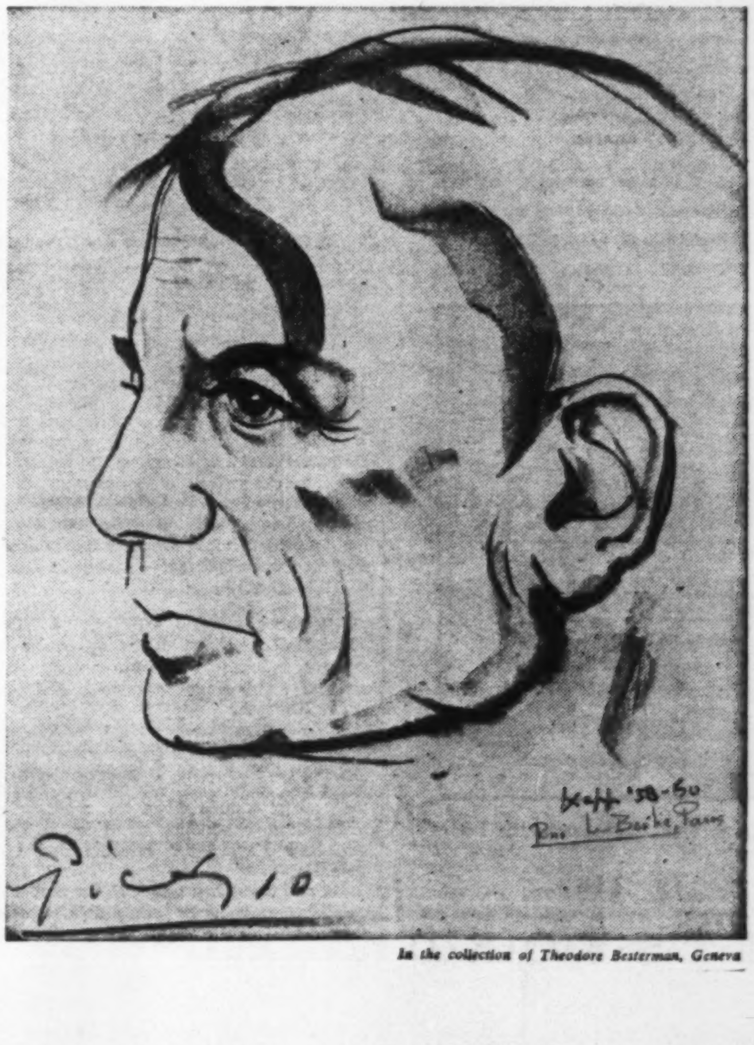
You can read all about Berry and his colleagues, as well as the by-no-means-fully-proven efficiency of modern hanging, in that classic of English irony, Charles Duff's *A Handbook on Hanging* which has just been republished by Putnams in a new and enlarged edition. It will make useful supplementary reading to the new Home Office report *Murder*, published by the Stationery Office this week. This shows you with ample statistics that murder is a crime on its own, not subject to the same social considerations as other offences. The report's most significant and surprising revelation is that since the 1957 Homicide Act the number of murders for gain – the principal category of murder for which capital punishment was specially retained – has doubled, rising from an average of six to 12 per year. Although the total number of murders has increased slightly, the rate of increase has been far less than that of other forms of crime: non-capital murder, in other words, shows a relative decline compared with other forms of crime and with capital murder. *Murder* may well prove to be a land-mark in the Cap Pun controversy.

* * *

The history of Edmond Kapp's drawing of Picasso, whose 80th birthday it celebrates on this page, goes back for nearly half a century. Kapp is the only artist to whom Picasso has sat for a portrait. They met in the sea at Antibes in 1926. Picasso asked Kapp to call on him in Paris but Kapp was too shy – until 12 years later. Picasso remembered him still, but was a little cagey at first. 'Sit? I've never sat for anyone in my life.' However he looked through a portfolio of Kapp's drawings. Then he said: 'I like your work.' He sat for three hours, while Kapp made so many rough notes that there was no time to do a drawing. Picasso then signed three blank pages of Kapp's sketch book, saying graciously: 'Do your portrait there. I know you're incapable of making a bad drawing.' Twenty years passed, during which Picasso and Kapp became friends, met, talked and corresponded; but some strange inhibition prevented Kapp from completing the portrait until the end of 1959. Kapp's admiration for Picasso is extreme but by no means uncritical. He wishes, for instance, that he was not quite so restless an artist. 'With Picasso,' he says, 'everything he does seems to be a step towards somewhere else yet he never quite gets there. The final thing, whatever that may be, is never summed up.' When Kapp himself has a blank spell, starting work in the early morning which is his favourite time, he stimulates himself by playing a Bach record on the gramophone and by looking at some of Picasso's work.

* * *

'I'm like an old watch. The works still go but the hands have fallen off the face so nobody tells the time by me any more. As for my memory, it's just a picturesque ruin.' John Masefield, still ticking over on Boar's Hill, said this the other day. A charmingly insightful remark for a nonogenarian. Politically-minded undergraduates, who always like to call their university escapist, would say that it applies perfectly to Oxford. Certainly, Oxford, when I visited it at the beginning of the term on a Sunday of dripping October mist seemed somehow turned in on itself. The effect of the traffic problem on me is to make me take cover in the remotest recess of a college garden. I may not agree with the Warden of All Souls on various doctrinal points but I strongly sympathise now with his plan for that by-pass to the south. The High is dangerously uncrossable especially for the stranger. Between the Botanical Gardens and Magdalen, after waiting a quarter of an hour, I nearly perished. The Corn is altogether intolerable, except for the gigantic Woolworths, the largest I have seen in England. Here are more diverse types and races than



In the collection of Theodore Besterman, Geneva in the entire university – a wonderful place for doing sociological field work if only one knew how to do it without getting run in for accosting or eavesdropping. This year's Senior Proctor is already reputed to be a zealot. That is often the way with liberals. They take office very seriously.

* * *

It's much too early to tell, of course, but I get the impression that the undergraduates of this generation seem to be taking one of those politically-minded left inclines, something like the one in the Thirties except that the Bomb and nuclear disarmament is playing the part of the economic depression. The Oxford University Conservative Association's membership is reported to have dropped from 2,000 to 900. A lot of people were still talking about Adam Roberts's adventures at Bow Street on the night of 17 September. Hearties, or what today corresponds to them, tried to take the line that squatters must expect to be treated rough, but two whom I heard being challenged by one of Oxford's 400 CND-ers seemed on the point of conversion themselves. Roberts himself, who has just been sentenced to two months jail for refusing to be bound over for two years as a result of last week-end's demonstrations near the Soviet embassy, had to read out his prize-winning history essay the other day to the Chancellor. Mr Macmillan's features registered a slight twist, signifying, presumably, interest in the subject – the Scots Covenanters – and disapproval of Roberts's CND badge prominently displayed. I doubt whether the Premier will accept the Committee of 100's invitation to its 'At Home' in Trafalgar Square next Sunday 'to discuss matters of mutual interest'.

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B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Colour Prejudice Must Go was the banner on a poster issued by Christian Action who announce a meeting (30 October, Central Hall, Westminster) for Dr Martin Luther King. But London Transport decided otherwise. This slogan was 'politically controversial'. After a good deal of disputation, Christian Action had to put up with the feeble compromise Colour Prejudice and You. I do see that London Transport has got to exercise some restraint over inflammatory posters, but surely this is caution in excess of all reason. Everybody from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Chief Rabbi, from the chairman of the Conservative Party to the anti-secretary of the Anarchist Association, is agreed that colour prejudice must go – and all the more so if we are now going to be defended by coloured troops.

* * *

I overheard a nice piece of cross-purpose dialogue in a Fleet Street bar last week. George Dawson, the redoubtable Cockney tycoon, scrap metal merchant and vehicle dealer, who has just returned, with his preternatural vitality undiminished, from a longish stay in the country, was the principal. Dawson was being very entertaining about his experiences in the 'can'. At this moment a member of the younger generation, a girl to whom the name Dawson meant little and who, anyway, had only just arrived, smiled sweetly and said: 'I suppose that was where you got that marvellous tan?' 'No, darling,' beamed Dawson, 'not that Cannes. The can. You know, the nick. Not but what I didn't own half the other bloody Cannes when I was in the money.' Dawson is, he hopes, going in for the excavation and demolition business. I'll be surprised if he doesn't make a go of it, at any rate for a time. He paid some striking tributes to the open prison at Ley Hill, the can where the tan came from.

This England

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We are so conditioned to noise that we don't notice it. At the barber's yesterday nobody bothered to switch off the radio when the programme switched from music to a talk. – Letter in *Daily Herald*. (C. A. Gray.)

Welfare State blamed for heavier jockeys. – *Scotsman*. (James Robertson Justice.)

Blocks of wood were used to represent 1,000 evacuees from Birmingham in a full scale Civil Defence exercise at Montgomery, yesterday.

The blocks arrived at Montgomery station and were taken to the Town Hall, which had been converted to a reception centre. Girl Guides acting as escorts took them to the houses where they had been billeted. – *Liverpool Daily Post*. (Cyril Hughes.)

'My ambition is to walk out of Wimbledon Town Hall and have all the kids rip my clothes off for souvenirs – because it'll show I've arrived.' – Pop Singer reported in *Daily Express*. (P. H. Tatham.)

Nottingham magistrates dismissed yesterday a summons against a man for maliciously damaging a £40 plate glass window after he had said that, as he walked down the road, he was, in imagination, conducting the London Symphony Orchestra playing the Thunder and Lightning polka.

He said that when he got to the part where the cymbals crashed, he clapped his hands but slipped and went straight through the window. – *Guardian*. (E. Bock.)

Stout Party

'Affectionate, high-spirited and busy in childhood; dissipated and often despairing in youth; sturdy and prosperous in early manhood. . . He abhorred plastics, Picasso, sunbathing and jazz – everything in fact that had happened in his own lifetime.' He had 'never voted in a parliamentary election', for his 'idiosyncratic toryism . . . was quite unrepresented in the political parties'. From his religion he derived a 'tiny kindling of charity' which 'sufficed only to temper his disquiet and change it to boredom . . .'

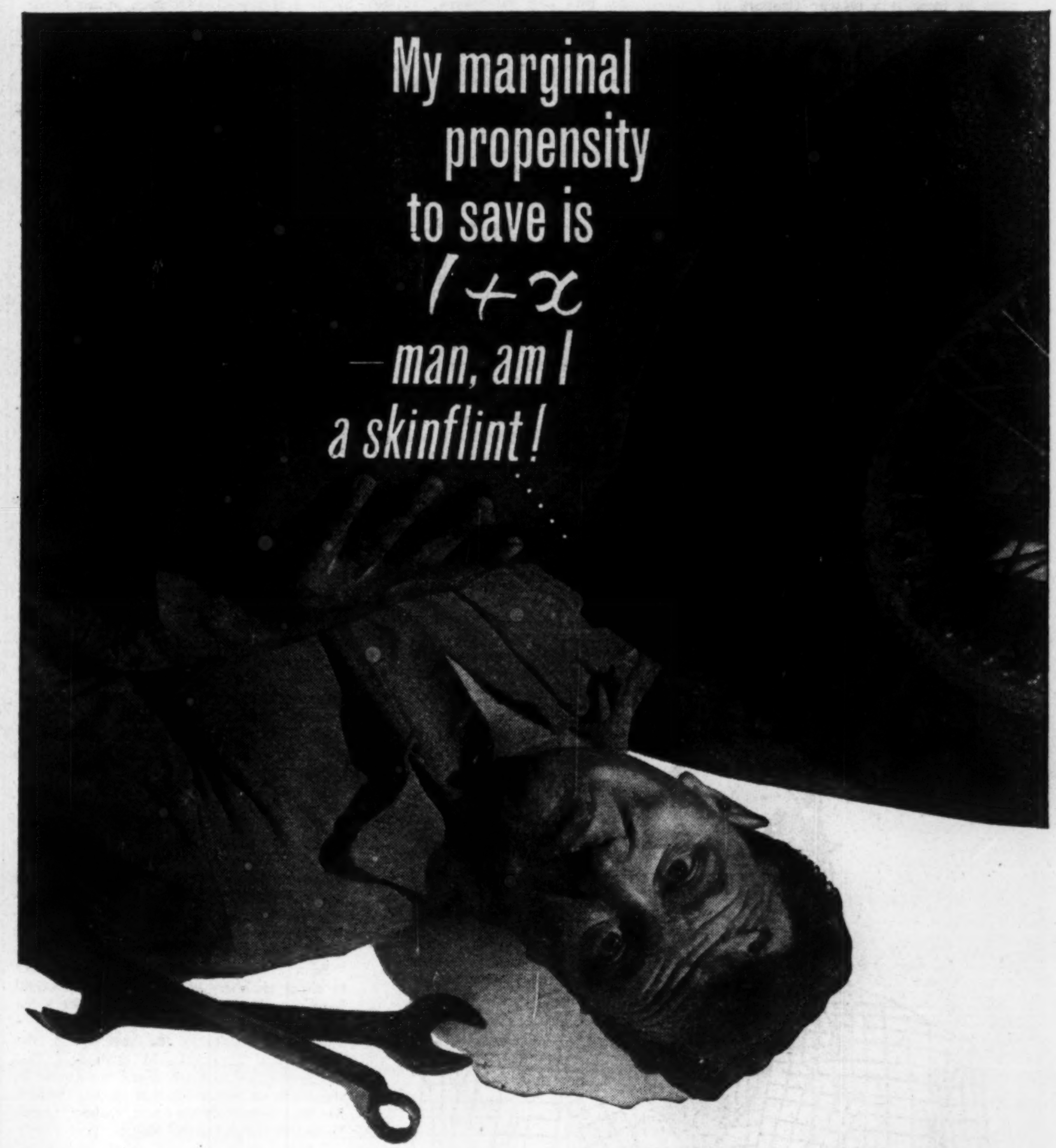
> Shocked by a bad bottle of wine, an impertinent stranger, or a fault in syntax, his mind like a cinema camera trucked furiously forward to confront the offending object close-up with glaring lens; with the eyes of a drill-sergeant inspecting an awkward squad, bulging with wrath that was half-facetious, and with half-simulated incredulity; like a drill-sergeant he was absurd to many, but to some rather formidable . . . *it was his modesty which needed protection* . . .
>
> The part for which he cast himself was a combination of eccentric don and testy colonel, and he acted it strenuously . . . until it came to dominate his whole outward personality. . . . He offered the world a front of pomposity mitigated by indiscretion that was as hard, bright and antiquated as a cuirass.

The portrait is of the fictional character called Gilbert Pinfold, but no novelist has ever contributed more handsomely to his own profile than Mr Evelyn Waugh did in this work of fiction. For when *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* came out in 1957, neither he nor his publishers made any secret of the fact that this comic-horrific fantasy was largely autobiographical. In an interview at the time he said: 'I had the pleasant experience of going off my head for a week or two. There was a muddle over some sleeping-stuff I'd been taking. It was extremely interesting.'

Mr J. B. Priestley was disturbed by *Pinfold*, and wrote censoriously in the NEW STATESMAN of Mr Waugh's *persona*, comparing him with Congreve and Elgar and others who have built up the English legend and habit of amateurism in the arts. He warned Mr Waugh solemnly: 'The central self he is trying to deny, that self which grew up among books and authors and not among partridges and hunters . . . will crack if it is walled up again within a false style of life.'

But, since *Pinfold*, there has been no sign of another 'crack'. Presumably the writing of such a book, with the appalling accusations hurled at its central figure by his imaginary voices, is itself an enormous act of release. This, the capacity to render articulate his hidden guilt and repressed fears, is one advantage that the artist has over the ordinary schizophrene who, when he goes off his head for a week or two, has to go to hospital. *Pinfold* was Mr Waugh's do-it-yourself shock therapy. If he was 'walled up . . . within a false style of life', he had knocked a hole in the wall – and perhaps his dislike of what he saw outside is not entirely assumed.

In any case, there is a possible flaw in Mr Priestley's analysis of Pinfold-Waugh. Is Mr Waugh's 'style of life' necessarily 'false' because he lives in a largish country house? Even if the entire *persona* is contrived, it is not really that of a typical English country gentleman. Mr Waugh has not in fact renounced books and devoted himself to the pleasures of the chase, his library is an ample one, he collects pictures (admittedly, most of them by Augustus Egg and other academic


My marginal propensity to save is 1+x — man, am I a skinflint!

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Victorians), he is a practising Roman Catholic; none of these is a regular attribute of rustic gentility. At few country houses are displayed such signs as 'NO ADMITTANCE ON BUSINESS'; and at few country houses, when opened for some local charity, is the charge for admission five shillings, 'children double price'.

Indeed, the candour of the Pinfold portrait is almost complete, even to quite disagreeable physical detail: many who have offended Mr Waugh, or whom it amuses him to tease, have encountered those furiously glaring eyes, 'bulging with wrath that was half-facetious'. He has been called 'a rich man's Gilbert Harding'; and, as in that not altogether dissimilar case, the admission that the charade *is* a charade – that within the ornate framework of the Stout Party cowers a quite different character – partly disarms criticism.

The almost pathological insistence on privacy, the prejudice against politics, are an important part of the charade ~~– though~~, again, they are by no means typical of the average large or middling country landowner. Mr Waugh must be the despair of the simpler West-country Tory organisers and canvassers. Some time in the early Fifties he was heard to complain that the Tory government hadn't 'put the clock back one minute'. He himself, in 1951, emerged from seclusion to stand as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University. His election address was true to form: his claims to the suffrages of the electors were 'mostly negative':

> I have never gone into public life. Most of the ills we suffer are caused by people going into public life. I have never voted in a parliamentary election. I believe a man's chief civic duty consists in fighting for his King when the men in public life have put the realm in danger. That I have done. I have raised a family and paid such taxes as I find unavoidable. I have learned and practised a very difficult trade with some fair success . . .
>
> I am opposed by a poet. If he writes better than I, please vote for him. But do not, I beg, choose anyone connected with commerce or with the fabrication of noisy, dangerous or quite ephemeral machinery . . .

The poet was Hugh McDiarmid. The voters chose Sir Alexander Fleming.

The Pinfold portrait, while correctly skimming the story of its hero's youth (with some not unflattering adjectives), hardly stresses it sufficiently to disclose the sources of Mr Waugh's own secret compulsions. Those who have known him since his childhood mention two factors, both, perhaps significantly, omitted from the life of Pinfold. One is the actual environment of his early years, which was strikingly less 'grand' than that of his successful maturity. In a *Face to Face* interview on television, the only point at which Mr Waugh's confidence seemed to waver slightly was when he was asked about this boyhood home. He slipped into unwonted vagueness, seemed to suggest that it had been in a countrified part of Hampstead, added with a sigh that this was no doubt much changed now.

In fact, Mr Waugh's parents lived in a small, typically suburban house not far from Golders Green station: thoroughly respectable; incontestably middle-class. His father, Arthur Waugh, was a publisher of repute, even of distinction; and any suspicion that Mr Waugh may now be snobbishly ashamed of this background may fairly be said to be offset by the fact that he has, as a best-selling novelist, stuck faithfully to his father's firm, Chapman and Hall. He is, no doubt, a valuable property to them, and they comply with his elegant caprices. Of each of his books, for instance, a dozen copies are printed on large paper and specially bound, for giving away to his friends (one, always, to Mr Randolph Churchill; others to Lady Diana Cooper, Miss Nancy Mitford, and the late Mgr Ronald Knox, of whom Mr Waugh wrote a thorough, melancholy and discreet biography).

But there are some who believe that a main formative influence in the development of the young Evelyn Waugh was the sixth-form master at his school, Lancing – J. F. Roxburgh, later the first headmaster of Stowe. Mr Waugh himself has observed that in the voice of everyone he knows who ever 'sat under' Roxburgh can be heard echoes of *his* voice – of his orotund, rolling delivery, his precise and mannered diction, his rich sesquipedalian vocabulary.

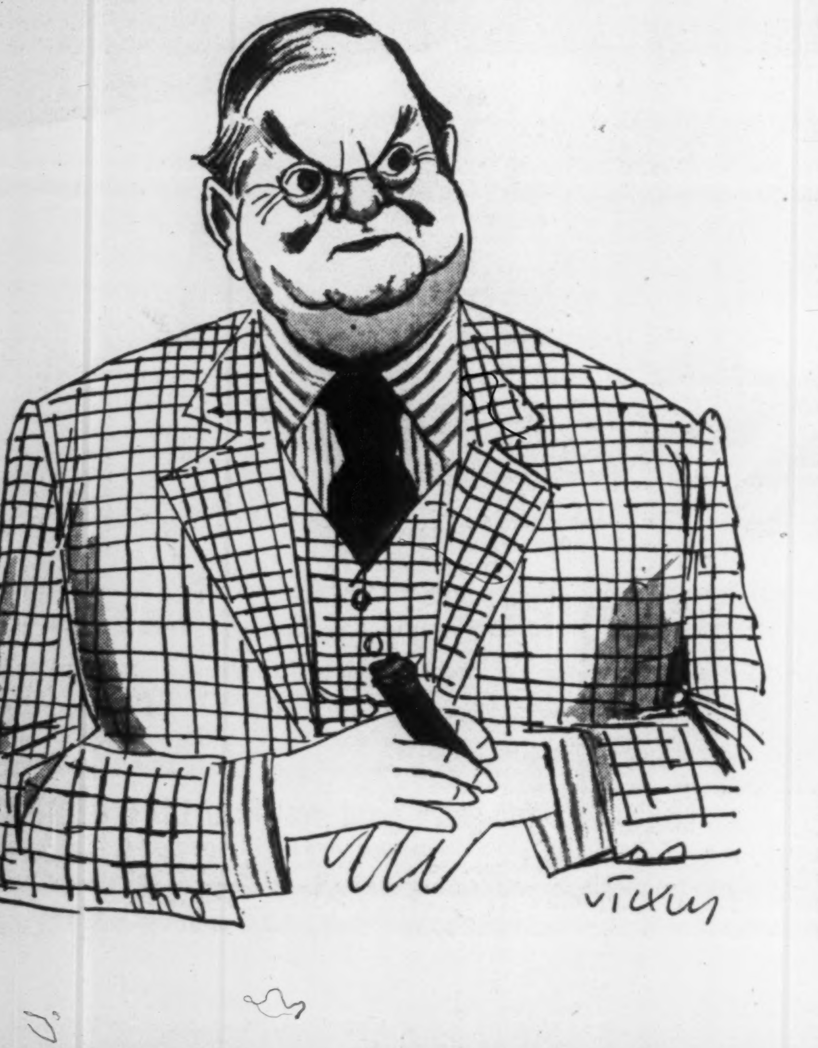
It may be that young Waugh, and many other impressionable and histrionic youths, modelled themselves instinctively on this powerful personality. Roxburgh was a man of catholic and European culture, widely travelled, a considerable dandy, liberal in politics, of immense charm and ironic wit yet capable of glaring fixedly and furiously even at a favourite. This was a fascinating exemplar for a precocious young intellectual; perhaps dangerously so. And yet, if the keen perception of youth divined that behind the cool flamboyance nestled a vulnerable romantic, that the rarely flagging *panache* was merely part of an assumed character – if this was sensed, a boy whose 'modesty . . . needed protection' might well have grasped half-consciously at so effective and glittering a 'cuirass'.

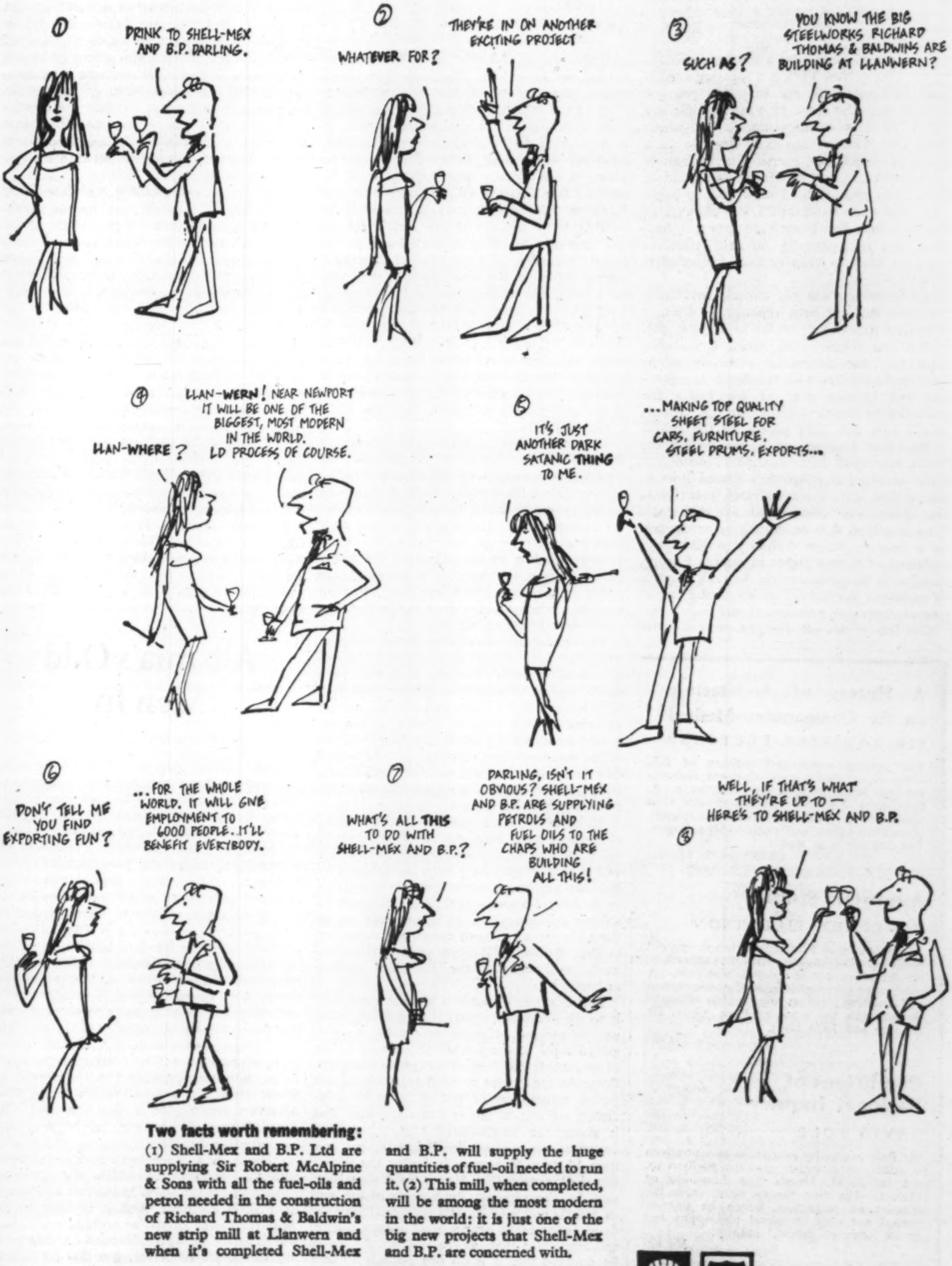
So the true inner Waugh may be, as often happens, quite different from the prickly, litigious, 'snobbish' public image. (All such adjectives are shallow and feeble renderings of small parts of the truth about anyone.) Too facile, again, is the hackneyed allusion to the inferiority complex or to philoprogenitiveness (he has six children, though 'the government doesn't allow one to have more than two') as 'over-compensation'. When old, simple friends remonstrate with Mr Waugh for being 'so beastly to people' and ask how he reconciles this with his Catholic piety, he replies: 'You don't know how much beastlier I might be if I *weren't* a Catholic.'

So a word that he would probably prefer to either snobbery or inferiority, and would hope some day to be worthy of, is the name of an unfashionable Christian virtue – humility. Humility is the sublimation, the supernatural dimension, of modesty – that modesty which so often needs protection. In the book which, of all that he has written, Mr Waugh himself likes best, *Helena*, Queen Helena thus invokes the Magi:

> You are my especial patrons . . . and patrons of all late-comers, of all who have a tedious journey to make to the truth, of all who are confused with knowledge and speculation, of all who through politeness make themselves partners in guilt, of all who stand in danger by reason of their talents . . . Pray always for all the learned, the oblique, the delicate. Let them not be quite forgotten . . . when the simple come into their kingdom.

It is impossible not to suppose that Helena, at this moment, is speaking for her author. Some years after he had thus piously resuscitated her, the Vatican discovered that the legend of Helena's finding of the Cross was baseless and abolished the feast that commemorated it. Collapse, one might suppose, of Stout Party.

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③
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⑤
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⑥
DON'T TELL ME YOU FIND EXPORTING FUN?
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⑦
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The Paris Pogrom

K. S. KAROL

To return to Paris after a few weeks studying the UN in New York is a sobering experience. Particularly if, the very day you get back, Paris is the scene of what are officially called 'Moslem manifestations', but which those who watched can only describe as a new type of pogrom, carried out by heavily armed police against a defenceless section of the civilian population. I must add, to begin with, that when I returned I was unaware of the fact that the French government had, some time ago, officially 'advised' Algerians living in Paris to keep to their homes after 8 p.m.

My ignorance was not entirely my fault: the news had not been reported in a single American paper. Yet, so far as I know, this is the first occasion on which a so-called democracy has denied to a section of its citizens the right to walk the streets at night – and has handed over to the police the authority to decide whether or not citizens should lose this right purely on the colour of their skin. True, during the Occupation, the Nazis employed such methods: indeed, in order to avoid mistakes they forced Jews to wear yellow stars. But such things were rightly and universally condemned as barbarous. Why is it then that no American newspaper, in a country which jealously watches any violation of human rights in eastern Europe, thought fit to condemn this flagrant example of racialism, carried out in the capital city of one of America's principal allies?

But this is not all. Despite endless police searches, arrests and other security measures carried out against the Algerians in the Paris region, the leaders of the French branch of the FLN felt themselves strong enough to order a protest march against the curfew. It is astonishing, in the circumstances, that such an order was obeyed. In the first place, the Moslems are already effectively grouped in ghettoes (the Quartier de la Goutte d'Or, the Nanterre *bidonville*, etc) which can be easily isolated by a security screen and which in any case are under quasi-permanent police guard. Secondly, if a handful of Algerians merely gather in the street to talk, they are, these days, immediately broken up by police baton-charges: the sheer physical difficulty of assembling a large crowd of Algerians is immense. I thought it unlikely, therefore, that many Algerians would be willing to take part in a demonstration which was bound to end in disaster. This, evidently, was also the view of the police, who refused to take the FLN appeal seriously.

They got a shock. Right in the centre of Paris, from the Opera to the Etoile, over 30,000 Algerians gathered to vent their indignation against the curfew. None of them was armed, even with sticks. It was a purely peaceful demonstration. This did not, in any way, diminish the fury of the police. From an upstairs window in the offices of the newspaper *Libération* I watched a baton charge which in savagery was worse than anything seen in modern times – even in Paris, where police brutality is an old story.

The official communiqué published the next morning spoke of four dead and 100 injured. It is said, however, that the casualties were much higher. The police charges went on long enough for French and foreign picture agencies to take a large number of photographs which tell the whole story. Over 12,000 of the demonstrators were arrested and herded into 'detention centres', none of which was equipped for such a purpose. About 1,500 were sent back to Algeria.

All these facts are well-known. The events themselves have been described in virtually every newspaper in the world; and a few of the photographs have been published also. But has any western newspaper – above all in the United States – published a formal and solemn condemnation of what went on in Paris last week? If such things had happened in East Berlin, in Warsaw or Budapest, one could well imagine the indignant leading articles.

This example of western 'double standards' is worth stressing because it is precisely what undermines our influence among the uncommitted third of the world. There were howls of protest in the New York press when the Belgrade conference omitted to condemn the Soviet resumption of testing in tones sufficiently strident to satisfy American ears. But it should be remembered that, of the 25 countries represented in Belgrade, no less than 14 were Moslem – including the provisional government of Algeria. Is it surprising that, for these people, the horrors of the war in Algeria and the blatantly racist policies now being followed by France are far more urgent and important than any other topic? Can it be doubted that it is on our attitude to this issue that such countries judge the West?

I know well enough that the origins of the Paris curfew were complex and that General de Gaulle is not himself a racist. The French have resigned themselves to imposing such restrictions on the Algerians because they cannot stamp out terrorism directed against the police. But this justification, if valid, is itself a signal admission of the failure of French policy. France still solemnly asserts that it is willing to work with the Algerians, that it will assimilate those of them who chose to remain French, and that it insists, as conditions of independence, that the rights of the European minority be guaranteed and the principle of cooperation between the two republics be established.

But there are only 300,000 Algerians living today in France, a nation of 45 million people enjoying a high level of prosperity. If, in these highly favourable circumstances, France cannot create living conditions which can win over the Algerians from the most extreme brand of nationalism, it is scarcely surprising that, on the other side of the Mediterranean, the Algerians, who are nine times more numerous and incomparably less prosperous than the Europeans, place no faith at all in French promises and wish, purely and simply, to sever all ties with France. Again, does anyone believe that the Algerians in Paris, beaten up, humiliated, deported by force (without even getting the chance to collect their pitiful personal belongings), will suddenly become, when independence is signed, partisans of cooperation with the European minority?

By such blindness France is destroying what remains of her chances in North Africa. And, thanks to a misguided belief in 'western solidarity', it looks as if the West as a whole will ultimately have to pay for the Paris Pogrom.

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Albania's Odd Men In

By a Correspondent

Enver Hoxha, Albania's Communist boss, can face the storm of Krushchev's disapproval with the calm nerves of the professional survivor. Every other member of the original Central Committee elected in 1943 – when the Albanian Communist Party was effectively reconstituted under the patronage of Tito's partisans – has been shot, imprisoned, demoted or removed by natural causes. Since then Hoxha has transferred his allegiance to other patrons – to Moscow in 1948 and, after 1959, to Peking. He has fought Germans, Italians, Albanian Fascists and mountain tribesmen, shelled British destroyers in the Corfu strait, quarrelled bitterly with his Greek and Yugoslav neighbours, conducted grandiloquent polemics against almost all the other Communist parties, insulted Krushchev to his face, suppressed a Soviet intrigue to overthrow him and survived the withdrawal of Soviet economic and technical aid in a time of severe famine. He is clearly a man who can influence people, even if he does not care to make friends.

Albania is a primitive country, ruled by ruthless measures, in which the political canons that make sense in the rest of Europe have little meaning. And it is tempting to write off Enver Hoxha as nothing more than a Balkan despot who maintains his grip on a million people by terror. But this portrait is misleading. He is, in fact, an extraordinarily adroit politician who has seen how to maintain himself by exploiting the internal feuds of his tribal country and its endemic xenophobia against its neighbours. To that end he has been willing to ally himself temporarily with different factions within a Communist Party notorious in the past for its factionalism and with any outside group – first Tito's partisans, then the Stalinist bureaucracy and now the extremists in Peking – which would serve his tactical purpose.

To understand his astonishing success it is necessary to look more closely at the origins of the clique around him. Almost all of them are Tosks, the more westernised people of the southern plains, who have been the traditional opponents of the mountain Ghegs. The Tosks, moreover, have been fierce Albanian nationalists, asserting themselves first against Turkish rule and then against the danger of being absorbed by the Greeks, the Yugoslavs and, during the war, the Italians. Such intellectuals as Albania produced were almost all Tosks, and many of them were educated either in France or in French schools in Albania. In the Thirties they began to turn to Communism and – paradoxically in the most backward country in Europe – their influence has continued to shape Albanian Communism to this day. Hoxha himself is the outstanding survivor of this group.

Though the educated Tosks were willing to work with Tito during the war, it is significant that the pro-Yugoslav elements in the party were mainly proletarian, peasant, Gheg or Serb, and the purge of 'Titoists' after 1948 was directed primarily at these groups. From these complicated purges and tribal intrigues the clique of Tosk intellectuals emerged as the dominant group in the party. They had always been suspicious about the Yugoslavs, and their opposition to Tito in 1948 seems to have sprung less from his anti-Stalinist 'revisionism' than from fears that his plan for a Balkan federation would mean that they would be overwhelmed by Ghegs.

The ruling clique that Hoxha has built is thus held together by sectional as well as national interests. And this bond has been strengthened in traditional Albanian fashion by the strongest tie of all – blood relation. At least 20 of the 53 members of the Central Committee are related to each other, and some families have several members of it. Hoxha's own wife sits on it and she holds other high positions. So does the wife of the Prime Minister, Mehmet Shehu, and she is also vice-president of the People's Assembly. The wife of Hisni Kapo, organisational secretary of the Central Committee, sits with her husband and in addition she presides over the Women's Front. The Kapo family is very well connected. Several relatives sit on the Central Committee, including Manus Mufti, the deputy Premier.

Here one can see some of the sources of Hoxha's strength. He has created a personal machine, to which there can be little organised or literate opposition, and bolstered it by a repressive police apparatus. Moreover, the isolation of Albania means that this machine operates in a closed society – and this isolation also gives the regime a certain immunity from direct Soviet pressure. Hoxha can capitalise at all times on Albanian nationalism, which regards independence as an end in itself. For whatever other motives may have moved the Albanian Communist leadership through all the complex intrigues of the last 20 years, there is no doubt that its main objective has been to create a viable independent state, in which a more diversified economy would replace the primitive rural society which was traditionally dominated by Gheg chieftains – such as the late King Zog

IN all the world of distress today the Algerians are the greatest sufferers. Apart from the 250,000 Refugees in Tunisia and Morocco there are over two millions imprisoned in Regroupment Camps. This number is about one fifth of the total population. Shelter, food and medicine are inadequate. Reports speak of tiny children lying on the earth without clothes or covering.

AS great as our desire is to declare that all this happens against the wishes of the ordinary kindhearted Frenchman, we plead that these poor souls should be freed and the camps emptied.

It is an empirical law that when a camp contains 1,000 a child dies every other day.

MUCH is being done but the total aid is pitifully small. Below are extracts from reports . . . all regarding children.

(A) . . . they are always feverish, we have no quinine for them.

(B) . . . to give each child a cup of milk a day we require 300 litres, we only have 10 litres.

(C) . . . all they have in this bitter weather is a ragged shirt and they have no blankets.

(D) . . . nothing but barley bread and when that is gone they eat acorns.

(E) . . . after the acorns were finished they ate grass.

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– and the Tosk landlords who had served the Turks in return for feudal privileges.

But how can one explain the sectarian views of the Albanian leaders? They are not just unrepentant Stalinists. They are primarily Tosk nationalist intellectuals, who years ago adopted a Comintern-style Communism in its most extreme form and have continued to believe in it as the means by which they can ensure Albania's survival. Hence their severity towards all 'deviators' (including Nikita Krushchev) who challenge Hoxha's doctrine that by forced industrialisation and collectivisation Albania can be pushed into the modern world as an independent state.

In this aim they have been helped by several factors. First, they are 'national' Communists, who fought a successful partisan war and therefore possessed the only apparatus of power in the country. Secondly, the level of social development in Albania has hitherto been so low that the regime can survive almost any external pressure. Thirdly, in the jungle of Communist power politics, the Hoxha faction has always been able to find an outside ally for some kind to provide a minimum amount of economic help and a great deal of political protection.

Finally, there has never been a 'Moscow' faction of any importance within the Albanian CP. That was due, partly, to the fact that few of its leaders had any training in Moscow – they were in this sense 'western' – partly to the way in which the Kremlin has blown hot and cold in its Yugoslav policy. When Moscow smiles at Belgrade, there is trouble in Tirana. Krushchev has already made one futile attempt to overthrow the Hoxha dynasty. His present anger may stem in some degree from his realisation that there are few obvious means to hand for another try.

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Correspondence

THE LABOUR LEFT

Sir, – I was delighted to read Mr Crossman's review of Ralph Miliband's book on parliamentary Socialism. Mr Crossman has long been my favourite example in British affairs of the Kansas politician who sat securely on the fence with his ears to the ground on both sides; and that Miliband has helped to push him off the fence is a considerable achievement. For what Mr Crossman's furious review amounts to is a firm commitment to the existing Labour leadership and its practices that is, in the context of Mr Crossman's own political history, little short of heroic.

Ralph Miliband sets out a massive analysis of the politics of Labourism, and especially of parliamentary Labourism, that is not easily dismissed. It will have to be answered, by those who disagree, by similar historical studies in depth. At this point of time Mr Crossman cannot be expected to present his own extended version of Labour Party history, but I want to ask him two questions which he can answer in these columns:

> (1) It is widely believed that in this last decade the Labour Party, inside and outside Westminster, has been inept and incompetent, devoid of ideas, drained of political passion, regarded with derision by the Tories and by their own supporters with, at best, an apathetic acquiescence. Three general elections in a row have been lost. Labour Party politics are not even radical politics, and the generations under 30, not to put too fine a point on it, can hardly be said to be enthusiastic in their support for Mr Crossman's colleagues on the front bench. Is this a wild exaggeration, and if it is why do so many who are far beyond the ranks of Socialists believe it to be true? Anyway, let us have a pithy statement from Mr Crossman which sums up the record of these last 10 years.
>
> (2) Miliband documents in historical terms the reasons for the Labour Party's record in these past years and suggests that the roots of failure must be sought in the history of the movement since its earliest years. He summarises his own view of the present situation in the phrase 'the sickness of Labourism'. Mr Crossman doesn't agree with this analysis, and so we are entitled to ask him what in his opinion are the reasons for Labour's failures in the 1950s. Permit me to add that it is a statement which I look forward to with considerable interest.

One last point, Mr Crossman in his review stated that Miliband was guilty of 'a degree of tendentious distortion and misquotation which no journalist or politician would dare to use'. Leaving aside Mr Crossman's faith in journalists and politicians, which I cannot unfortunately share, I would say that the matter of 'distortion' in a serious historical work is one that can be argued about for a long time, and I do not want to press Mr Crossman at this point; but misquotation? It is a serious charge against an author, as we all know, and since from the way he phrased the matter I assume Mr Crossman has a couple of dozen examples of misquotation, I think he should provide us with a representative sample.

John Saville

TEACHING MATHS

Sir, – There are many points at which I would wish to join issue with your contributors to the symposium on universities in your issue of 20 October, but in the interests of brevity I will confine attention to just one of the contentious generalisations with which the articles abound.

'Grammar School Headmaster' claims that 'Heads believe that the professors of mathematics at British universities are primarily responsible for the critical shortage of maths teachers.' That there are such heads I do not doubt; but it is not my experience that they are in the majority – and at a recent meeting of professors of mathematics summoned specifically to try to relieve the shortage the headmasters' representatives certainly did not speak in this sense.

Of course, the shortage could be relieved by lowering standards; it could indeed be eliminated by awarding degrees on 'A' level work. But we must bear in mind why we need trained mathematicians. These are needed because of the basic role of mathematics in science and technology and the standards we ask for are intended to be those which correspond to the needs imposed by that role. It is not disputed that, by introducing the maximum of flexibility into their curricula, university mathematics departments can provide courses more suitable for the less gifted student or, more realistically, for the student whose school training has been inferior.

For if 'primary responsibility' for the crisis is to be allocated, it is surely to be found in the inadequate salaries of teachers and the consequent difficulties experienced by the schools in providing sound mathematical training for their students. For whereas a maths graduate was virtually obliged, before the war, to go into schoolteaching, the situation today is quite different. Any graduate of a university or college of advanced technology can do better for himself in industry. Universities must help to resolve the crisis as a matter of the utmost urgency, and this they can do in a number of ways (in Birmingham a refresher course for Grammar school teachers takes place each Wednesday afternoon, 3.30-6 p.m. and draws some 120 schoolmasters from the locality). It is impossible either in this letter or in a one-page article to do justice to the complexities of the problem, and it does not help, in seeking to avert a national disaster, to pillory a group of people each one of whom is actively concerned to alleviate the present critical situation.

Peter Hilton

University of Birmingham.

PRESS MORALS

Sir, – After reading what Francis Williams had to say about the Press and Mr Osborne, I came across the following in Newman's *Apologia*:

> . . . am I alone to be followed about by jealous prying eyes, who note down whether I go in at a back door or at the front, and who the men are who happen to call on me in the afternoon? . . One day when I entered my house, I found a flight of undergraduates inside. Heads of Houses, as mounted patrols, walked their horses round those poor cottages. Doctors of Divinity dived into the hidden recesses of that private tenement uninvited, and drew domestic conclusions from what they saw there. I had thought that an Englishman's house was his castle; but the newspapers thought otherwise. . . .

M. W. Lumsdale

St Albans

THE MAGIC BOX

Sir, – As 'the American art critic Harold Rosenberg' also puts it, in that 'old essay' to which I suppose Clancy Sigal refers, *kitsch*-art breeds *kitsch*-criticism. The idle attitudinising of your critic's 'The Tyranny of Tam' seems to be much the sort of thing that Rosenberg had in mind.

The following assorted quaint views on the problems of mass communication are apparently held by Mr Sigal: the content of TV *ought* to be art: for unspecified structural reasons TV does not and cannot have an art content: programmes that meddle with art are accordingly futile, if not pernicious: this has something (but for Heaven's sake, what?) to do with the impossibility of a 'counter-concept': on the other hand there *are* commonly available standards by which art and truth can be known, and these

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standards are absolute: since the standards of TV are not absolute but relative, intellectuals ought to wash their hands of the whole wicked business.

Despite their charming innocence, none of these propositions seems to me either adequate to the problem or reasonable in itself. As for the conclusion, intellectuals might on the same grounds be urged to shun applied science or journalism or politics. I cannot see why the responsible thing to do about an abuse of power is to run away from it.

In one respect of course Mr Sigal's page *is* a strangely true reflection of the mass-media world. His disjointed bounding from topic to topic catches exactly the demoralising inconsequentiality of an evening with the magic box.

Philip Abrams

6 North Terrace
Cambridge

Sir, – When a person of strong Socialist convictions working in a cultural field overcomes enough obstacles to achieve some effective influence, he can be almost certain of one thing: his work will quickly be damned with faint praise in your pure columns. Thus you gain a reputation for incorruptibility, and he is taught the lesson that it is always better to complain than to succeed in changing anything.

Last week Clancy Sigal, writing about TV, did a repeat of what snobs once said about films. I assumed that it was a parody but friends assure me that it was not meant as such. Take his first proposition: 'TV, as a form and medium, is and always will be antithetical to good art because it bowdlerises and excludes personal malice, sex, evil.' Are we or he mad? Why on earth should TV always bowdlerise these things? It entirely depends on who runs TV. Equally, why are these quoted as essential ingredients of all good art? To take just one example, I have never noticed that Chaplin has much to do with gossip, physical sex or the devil.

Poor Sigal writes like a TV producer at the end of a terrible week at the studios. He hates everything about it. It is all 'polluted water'. Mass audiences are entirely hopeless and helpless. Then, fearing that he has gone too far, he defends himself by saying that there is a vast difference between an aesthete and an aristocrat. There is. The former is the servant of the latter. Both have gone for keeps.

The week before there was a more serious damning of Tynan by Alvarez. Alvarez appears to regret that Tynan now holds left-wing views, and hints that he jumped on to a band-wagon. The more one thinks about this allegation, the more preposterous and impertinent it becomes. Tynan, who did more than anybody else to introduce Brecht into this country, who was the first champion of the new English left theatre now famous throughout the world, who made fun of the Established when they still had plenty of power to hit back, who wrote week after week to ensure that the Fifties should end with the young becoming Socialists, this time Tynan is now accused of holding opinions that are 'too easy by half'.

Later, on another charge, Tynan is compared with Edmund Wilson and found a lightweight. Mr Alvarez, in his one-man university, may confer what academic degrees he likes. But in the streets outside most men respect courage as much as a serious prose style. Tynan is a dandy writer – who could deny it? But Tynan is also a fearless critic – and who comments on that now? Very few: because his courage has been used with his intelligence – to win. Lost causes have no appeal to him. They have for your reviewers – which is the point at which I began.

John Berger

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TROUBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS

Sir, – As a resident on the Island of Mull whenever my public duties permit, I cannot allow your report on the island to pass unchallenged. That the island is in a state of economic decay has been my concern – and that of my family for a century before me – ever since I can remember, but the reasons you give are not only misleading but completely false.

Your evidence 'from an unimpeachable source' states:

(1) *That landlords do not want development.* Who in their senses do you think likes sitting on an island with no doctor, no hospital, no electricity and not even a plumber when the drains go wrong? Of course we want development.

(2) *That landlords do not want the proposed car ferry:* My family own the existing Craignure pier, but I have documentary evidence in my possession to show that we have been agitating for a new pier and vehicle ferry since 1865.

(3) *That they actually discourage holiday-makers, climbers, etc.* As a Council member of the Outward Bound Trust I have been concerned ever since the War in getting young people to hike, climb and sight-see in this most glorious part of the British Isles. I would be interested to know from your unimpeachable source who the landlord is who discourages visitors.

(4) *That landlords are not working their estates productively.* Would you care to publish the name and address of the landlord who does not keep his property adequately stocked, notwithstanding the fact that it is almost impossible to pay wages and repairs owing to the incidence of island freights and the need to purchase winter keep, let alone to pay interest on the capital employed?

You state there are only 12 tenant farmers on the Island where there should be 30. Perhaps you will advise me, as the proprietor of some of these tenant farms, how to let a farm when there are no applicants for it; how to induce people to live 10 miles from the nearest shop and five from their nearest neighbour in this day and age; and how landlords can be expected to let farms when a single winter's gale can absorb five years' rent in repairing the roof alone?

Incidentally, when I suggested in the House of Commons just before the Summer Recess that a part answer to the viability of the Western Islands might be to set up settlements where long-term but non-violent, prisoners (i.e. confidence tricksters, fraudulent company directors, and so on) could serve their sentences in freedom and dignity, with their wives and children instead of three in a cell as at present, you dismissed this as a Tory plot to set up a British Devil's Island.

David James

House of Commons

Sir, – Lord Massereene & Ferrard imagines I am a woman. Definitely not. He also quibbles with the findings of Dr Fraser Darling regarding Mull and is significantly silent on the opinions of Sir Fitzroy Maclean MP. Lord Massereene, unfortunately, does not learn. Even the harrowing experience of being booed by fellow-islanders at a recent public meeting on Mull, when the island's tragic plight was given loud vocal airing, seems to have had little effect. My last word is to suggest that Lord Massereene goes at once to Lewis and sees for himself the land reclamation successfully being undertaken there by crofters with expert guidance from the North of Scotland Agricultural College.

Your Correspondent

ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS

Sir, – Today I registered the birth of an illegitimate child – my child. Social prejudices are on the decrease and I can look forward to him growing up with less of a chip on his shoulder than would have a child of, say, 20 years ago. The Registrar issued me with a simple birth certificate which states the child's name only, and not his parentage. I was told that if the father and I ever married, then our child could be re-registered as legitimate. So far the rays of enlightenment have penetrated.

But there is still one very dark corner. By law I was required to register the child within six weeks of birth. But the law makes no such requirement of the father. His name appears on the certificate only if he so desires, and in my case he did not so desire. There is nothing I can do about it. It is entirely up to him. He could be sued for maintenance; he could be required to pay his 30 shillings a week for many years to come. But on the birth certificate, it was as if he never existed. Some kind of immaculate conception. Should not fathers, too, be made by law to stand up and be counted?

Unmarried Mother

EARPHONE ART

Sir, – There is no need for Kingsley Martin to go globetrotting to Washington for earphone art lectures. These are obtainable at Manchester's Central Art Gallery. The bob-a-lug fee (if you'll forgive the vernacular) is 7½d cheaper than Washington's. What Manchester does today . . . Buy British . . . and all that.

Roy D. Roebuck

14 Prince's Road
Heaton Moor

ROBERT OWEN MUSEUM

Sir, – The severity of recent storms may well have done unexpected damage to the Robert Owen Museum at Newtown.

Co-operative societies have, however, played a substantial part in preserving the memory of Owen at Newtown. They erected the memorial over his grave. They later assisted in having the graveyard renovated. The Co-operative Union is represented on the museum committee. Co-operative societies contributed £2,000 to erect the fine statue by W. E. King in 1956. An important collection of Owen documents is safely preserved at Holyoake House here and in constant use by research workers.

Mr Katanka's recent letter in your columns draws, therefore, unwarranted conclusions.

D. Flanagan

Co-operative Union Ltd
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VISTA

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STUDIO

This weekend in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

DOES PORNOGRAPHY MATTER?

Experts give their views

With arguments over the Lady Chatterley affair still going on, six specialists have contributed their opinions to "Does Pornography Matter?", a new study of a controversial question. They include LORD BIRKETT, religious leaders, a psycho-analyst, a sociologist and C. H. ROLPH, who edits the volume. Their conclusions as to what distinguishes the literary masterpiece from the obscene are examined this weekend by RAYMOND MORTIMER.

Chamberlain's own view of Hitler

IAIN MACLEOD on the Real 'Man of Munich'

"Appeasement" became a dirty word among the more savage critics of Neville Chamberlain. His visits to Hitler in 1938, they said, humiliated Britain and detracted from the dignity of a British Prime Minister. But *was* Chamberlain such an innocent dupe of Hitler? Or was there behind his seemingly ingenuous cries of "try, try again" and "peace in our time" a shrewd awareness of his true position? . . . Chamberlain's personal letters and diaries might suggest that this is an aspect of his character that history and his judges have overlooked. In THE SUNDAY TIMES this weekend IAIN MACLEOD — new leader of the House — quotes from Chamberlain's private papers and examines the nature of the man who wrote them.

Through hardships to the COMET

SIR GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND'S OWN STORY

Half a century separates a flimsy, home-made "flying machine" struggling to get off the ground and the sleek Comet jets of today. But both are part of the life of one man who has been called "The Father of British Aviation" — SIR GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND.

It has been said that Geoffrey de Havilland has given everything to British aviation except his life (and he has risked that often enough). In THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday he tells in his own words the story of how from rickety and audacious origins grew a tradition of inspired aeronautical design and leadership.

A WOMAN WITH HER PAST

HAROLD HOBSON renews acquaintanceship with a lady he met in France some time ago — "La Bonne Soupe", heroine of the play of the same name which opened in London this week after a two-year run in Paris. It concerns a middle-aged demi-mondaine who — by means of some clever stagecraft — appears in many scenes accompanied by her younger self.

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and ROBERT GITTINGS

Parts of this account of Emma Hardy's life up to the time of her marriage were used in *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy*, but it is here for the first time printed in full and as she wrote it. It can now be seen to be partly responsible for Hardy's tremendous outpouring of poems about her, and certain of the poems are published in this volume so that they may be studied side by side with their source, and the working of the poetic process seen.

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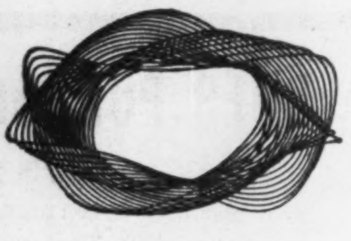

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Vanities and Servitudes

V. S. PRITCHETT

With ***Unconditional Surrender**** Mr Evelyn Waugh brings his war-time trilogy and Guy Crouchback's love affair with military servitude to a civil end. The infatuation had begun in *Men at Arms*. It was romantic, strenuous and hilarious, set in the glorious days of the Molotov-Ribbentrop treaty when Crouchback, a Catholic gentleman, no longer very young, was being taught to polish his sword and train for a St George-and-Dragon battle with the fundamental enemy: 'the Modern Age', i.e. everything between the days the family property went in the reign of Elizabeth I and the Nazi-Communist pact. He joined the Halberdiers, hung about Bellamy's Club. The comedies of military discipline and chicanery absorbed him; the tedium was relieved by minor campaigns, the war about Apthorpe's portable thunder box, his liability to bouts of 'Bechuana tummy'. Apthorpe was one of Waugh's richest comic creations.

The next phase – *Officers and Gentlemen* – was ambiguous. The Communists were on our side now and that rather muddled St George's objective. Also, a number of officers who were not gentlemen turned up – the shady and resourceful ex-hairdresser, Trimmer, for example. Bellamy's still stood but Turtle's, further down St James's, caught fire in the Blitz and the whiskey poured down the street. Air Marshal Beech, not quite our class, was found over-staying the raid under a billiard table. There were exercises on a Scottish island where the far-seeing Laird, choked by peat smoke in his Castle, was intriguing for supplies of gelignite for a private purpose. He had a daughter who was pro-Hitler and got Crouchback into prolonged trouble. Trimmer, in these rough days, was looking for a woman and picked up Guy Crouchback's ex-wife, a nymphomaniac, and, later on – being a ranker-officer – behaved with absurd cowardice on a Commando raid. For this he naturally became a national hero – the Press having been told to find one in order to impress our doubting Allies, the Americans. Later, in Crete, Crouchback experienced disaster. His *liaison dangereuse* with the military dragged on between farce, boredom, status quarrels, and ended in a few days of nightmare. He escaped from Crete in an open boat.

At the beginning of the third and final volume of the story, Crouchback's apathy is complete; but his capacity for pain has been noted by the gods. He persuades himself that it is his duty to remarry his ex-wife because she is going to have a child by the gaudy Trimmer who, punch-drunk with international publicity, has vanished. After a period of parachute training under another ranker, Ludovic, who – again, no gentleman – has murdered his CO in the flight from Crete, Crouchback is nagged by an ex-schoolmaster in Yugoslavia. On top of that there is the double-dealing of partisan warfare. He is obliged to watch helplessly the persecution of a party of homeless Jews and to see his discreet attempt to better the lot of two of them turn into the lunatic evidence that will send them to the People's Court and the firing squad. Crouchback's apathy breaks when he realises that a sense of the futility of life is not enough, for life has culminated in the monstrous. It is perhaps the final, mortifying irony of the book that Crouchback survives and prospers. He even has the pleasure of seeing Box-Bender, his extremely unlikeable Protestant brother-in-law, having trouble with his son. The boy talks of becoming a monk.

Evelyn Waugh is our present master of the hardened school of English comedy, the heir of Firbank's slashing grace. He has a genius for very specialised social effrontery and its delight in outrage. It required a nerve to treat the war as a sordid social jamboree of smart and semi-smart sets, who are mainly engaged in self-inflation and in climbing up the ladder, to present it as a collection of bankrupt sideshows. But Mr Waugh has more nerve than any English writer now living, and large portions of the last war were exactly as he describes them.

The war is not, of course, presented as anything more than heightened (or deflated) personal experience; the trilogy is a memoir rather than a novel. Other books about the war have gone straight for the conventional – the battle. He, too, can negligently turn out a battle, but his interest is, fundamentally, the moralist's. His eye is trained on the flat detail of human folly, vanity and hypocrisy; and although he can be rightly called a wounded Romantic, he is a most patient and accurate observer. His glances at London life during the period are laconic and just. The last war saw the birth of the organisation man and Mr Waugh was in, all eyes and ears, at the dreadful *accouchement*.

There are, we know, two Evelyn Waughs: the satirical blessing who wrote *The Loved One* and the appeasing, even tender comic moralist, the accomplished, testy, courteous, epigrammatic man of letters who wrote *A Handful of Dust*. (Crouchback characteristically takes Anstey's *Vice Versa* to read on his campaigns.) The trilogy is in his humane and perfectly finished manner. His scorn is modulated, his sentences are distillations. Most comic writers like to think they could play it straight if only their public would let them. Waugh is able to be grave without difficulty for he has always been comic for serious reasons. He has his own well-understood conventional bent, an almost romantic sense of propriety. His snobbery, when he is in this mood, is an amusing and acceptable mixture of High Romance, Puritan decorum and tartness and has a professional sense of the rules of the English class game. To object to his snobbery is as futile as objecting to cricket, for every summer the damn game comes round again whether you like it or not.

Only one kind of snobbery is affronting in Mr Waugh: the violent. It is ugly, theatrical and falsely generalised. Even if we accept that ranker-officers are envious, calculating, unsure showmen and on the make, must we add cowardice, lack of nerve and – as in the case of the minutely observed Ludovic – crime? Is the envy of the lower classes any more likely to lead to dishonesty and cowardice than the conceit of the uppers? It is here that Mr Waugh's High Romance becomes vulgar sentimentality. In this book he throws Ludovic away as a recognisable human being and an original type rarely attempted: the solemn, climbing, half-sinister, half-hurt queer with shattering gifts as a bad writer. I do not deny that Mr Waugh uses him with malign masochistic skill when he shows him writing a novel that falsifies a good deal of Crouchback's experience, for Ludovic has watched Crouchback like a cat.

Amid the antics of brigadiers, generals, politicians, socialites, partisans, wives and mistresses, the dry and stoical Crouchback is a frosty figure. His apathy makes him a perfect focus. He is given a nullity that, on the one hand, may represent the gentlemanly ideal: the whole of life will be vulgar to him. On the other hand, he is subtly endowed with the reticence and decency that suggest a life profoundly satisfied by the pains that have been inflicted on it, and by the one or two affections that remain.

Virginia, the faithless wife and good-time girl, is beautifully understood. The comedy of her conversation, full of four letter words, with the almost virginal Uncle Peregrine is exquisite. He had never heard a lady use such language; it astounds rather than displeases; it also misleads, for he has the flattering illusion that she is making a pass at him and is piqued when he finds she is not. What she is after is re-marriage to her ex-husband who has come into money, for she is at the end of her tether. It is the measure of Mr Waugh's sympathy that he lets out no savage laugh at the cynical proposition and yet is not sentimental about it. The war has, at any rate, taught Crouchback to recognise a 'displaced person' when he sees one. He does not love her. She does not love Trimmer's child when it is born: she calls it 'that baby'. Crouchback does not weep

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**Unconditional Surrender. Chapman & Hall. 18s.*

when she is killed in an air raid, which lets him off some of the awkward consequences of playing so straight a bat in the sex Test. And when, at the end of the novel, his awful brother-in-law complains that things have turned very conveniently for Guy, we muse happily on the richness of Mr Waugh's point. His comedy has always been hard, perverse and shocking; but that in no way prevents it from reproducing the human heart with delicacy, or at any rate, that portion of the heart that, however shallow, can still feel wrong and pain.

Only two episodes in this final volume strike me as being tame: the strange, dull, set-piece when Ludovic files past the sword of Stalingrad in Westminster Abbey. As symbolism, irony, fragment of war chronicle, whatever it is, this scene is in the way. Later on, Ludovic goes to a party given by the editor of a literary monthly whose grubby camel-hair coat and sharp Sultanic orders to the girls will bring back sentimental memories to some readers; but again, this is a tame jest. The vanities of the military and social servitudes are Mr Waugh's subject; it is good, of course, of Mr Waugh to call and all that on his Bohemian friends, but somehow the visit falls flat. No literary figure can compete with an Apthorpe, a Trimmer, an Uncle Peregrine, or any of the huge list of exquisitely touched-in characters who fought the war with chits, passes and top secret reports, in Mr Waugh's terse *Who's Who* of the National Peril.

St George Crouchback ends by reassessing his views on the dragon. Mme Kanyi, a Hungarian Jewess, says to him:

> 'Is there any place that is free from evil? It is too simple to say that the Nazis wanted war. These communists wanted it too. It was the only way in which they could come to power. Many of my people wanted it, to be revenged on the Germans, to hasten to the creation of the national state. It seems to me there was a will to war, a death wish, everywhere. Even good men thought their private honour would be satisfied by war. They could assert their manhood by killing and being killed. They would accept hardships in recompense for having been selfish and lazy. Danger justified privilege. I knew Italians – not very many perhaps – who felt this. Were there none in England?'

'God forgive me', said Guy, 'I was one of them'. It was after being told, by an enthusiastic little bureaucrat, of her arrest, that Crouchback was tempted to strike an officer.

Public Bar TV

On a flaked ridge of the desert
Outriders have found foul water. They say nothing.
With the cactus and the petrified tree,
Crouch numbed by a wind howling all
Visible horizons equally empty.
The wind brings dust and nothing
Of the wives, the children, the grandmothers
With the ancestral bones, who months ago
Left the last river,
Coming at the pace of oxen.

TED HUGHES

Poor Lawrence

Lawrence of Arabia. By ANTHONY NUTTING. *Hollis & Carter. 21s.*

The fame of T. E. Lawrence, contrary to what might have been expected, shows no sign of abating. A play about him, *Ross*, has settled down to a steady run; books about him continue to appear. Mr Nutting, one gathers, first interested himself in the subject on behalf of Sam Spiegel, whom he advised during the production of what the dust-jacket of his book oddly describes as 'the film life of Lawrence of Arabia.'

No doubt the result of Mr Nutting's labours sufficed for Mr Spiegel's purposes. He cannot be said, however, to have done more than retrace an already well-worn path. Lawrence's curious career is described along the standard lines: the relevant Middle Eastern politics are set forth in that particular deep-frozen manner so characteristic of Foreign Office 'papers'. Indeed, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Mr Nutting would be well advised to resume his political career rather than embark on a literary one.

One of my earlier memories is of being taken as a child to hear Lowell Thomas lecture on Lawrence of Arabia. Thomas certainly laid it on with a trowel, but the performance was full of gusto in the American manner, and the packed audience were duly impressed. All the way through a question was shaping itself insistently in my mind, and when Thomas finished and asked for questions, despite a dry mouth and trembling legs, I managed to get it out. Why, I asked, if Lawrence was such a modest man, with a horror of being noticed, did so many of the lecturer's slides consist of carefully posed photographs of him in Arab dress?

The question was badly received, and considered to be impertinent. I cannot remember whether it was actually hissed, but it might have been. Thomas himself smiled indulgently, and explained how photographing Lawrence was like photographing some shy bird or deer. He had to hide to catch him unawares. His camera was anathema to Lawrence, and only by the exercise of great tact, and some actual duplicity, had he been able to acquire the photographs of him he had shown us. This explanation was warmly applauded. I remained unconvinced.

Thomas, as I learnt subsequently, was the great promoter of the Lawrence legend. He was Lawrence's John the Baptist. In 1916 or thereabouts some Anglophile Americans sent him over to Europe with a view to producing material capable of making the 1914-18 war seem heroic and glamorous in the eyes of their less Anglophile countrymen. One look at the Western Front convinced him that nothing was there to his purpose. Squalid battles for a few hundred yards of mud in which tens of thousands died in a single afternoon, as Thomas immediately saw, were not susceptible to glamorisation. He therefore moved on to the Middle East, and in that theatre ran into T. E. Lawrence, at once recognising in him a worthy subject.

It went like a bomb. American lecture audiences no less than English ones fell for Thomas's lush account of the shy, mysterious hero of the Arabian Desert in his white Sheik's robes. Lawrence himself used occasionally to drop in at the back of the lecture hall and listen with fascinated shame to Thomas's panegyrics. It must have been a kind of spiritual masturbation.

It is possible now, in the light of all that has been written and recounted about Lawrence, to put aside a lot of the controversy which has hitherto encumbered his memory. There is no need, for instance, to demonstrate that he was congenitally untruthful. He obviously was. At the time of the publication of Aldington's *Lawrence of Arabia*, in the course of a television interview, I put the question of Lawrence's veracity to his great friend and admirer, the late Sir Ronald Storrs. He admitted that Lawrence was habitually and unaccountably untruthful.

Again, there is no need any more to go into the question of whether the Arabs were 'let down', as Lawrence vehemently contended, at the time of the Versailles Peace Conference. If Feisal had been made King of Syria instead of King of Irak, his dynasty would still have been extinguished in the flames of Arab nationalism. Whatever had been done, or not done, about the former Ottoman Empire, the Middle East, we may be sure, would be very much as it is today – full of oil-wells and cadillacs and turbulence and parched, dusty poverty. The Arabian campaign, with which Lawrence was so famously and picturesquely identified, proved historically and militarily insignificant. Its only merit, as the worthy Lowell Thomas saw, was that it provided a flickering afterglow of antique warfare in a world which was going to be flattened out, and perhaps obliterated, by the totalitarian sort. It introduced a Don Quixote theme into a bloodily humdrum documentary. Rudolph Valentino redressed the balance of Old Bill.

All this, in a sense, makes Lawrence more interesting rather than less. He was a portent, not a hero. The Zeitgeist flowed through his veins, and beat with his heart. His falsifications were to be our truth; his fraudulence our faith, his mock-modesty our humility. The beating and homosexual assault (whether real or imaginary) that he suffered at Deraa were endured on our behalf. Like his namesake, the only begetter of Lady Chatterley, he was himself our own fever and pain. He truly was, as he imagined in exalted moments, a new Messiah, only one without a message or a mission, and trailing mushroom clouds of glory. When he was killed on his motorcycle he was on his way to send a telegram to Henry Williamson, who had written to him: 'You alone are capable of negotiating with Hitler.' The telegram invited Williamson to lunch. That really would have been something. Hitler of Europe and Lawrence of Arabia together!

Shaw and others have extolled Lawrence as a writer, and Mr Nutting assumes that the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is a masterpiece. Personally, I found, and find it unreadable, while admiring the care and assiduity with which it has been put together. The sentences have a curious lifelessness:

> We rested a while, then put up the hangar, and afterwards went off to bathe in the silver water. We undressed beside the sparkling pools whose pearl-white sides and floor reflected the sky with a moony radiance. 'Delicious,' I yelled . . .

So it goes on and on, each adjective tastefully chosen, like a virginal lady's clothes, delicately matched, fragrantly draping inviolate flesh.

Perhaps it is the total solemnity which repels, the complete absence of any flicker or suggestion of laughter. Or perhaps, again, it is just the hollowness – the sense conveyed of happenings too remote from reality for one

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LONGMANS

to care whether they are true or false, one way or the other. Alas, poor Lawrence! Yet why alas? Sam Spiegel, advised by Mr Nutting, will look after him.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

My Parsifal

The Genesis of a Novel. By THOMAS MANN. Translated by Richard and Clare Winston. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

In no sort of welfare state would a man be called upon to write his 'wildest' book at the age of 70. Mann was reluctant to write this book, 'my *Parsifal*' – a work which he had always known 'might some day have to be done' – perhaps because he felt it destined to be his last book. Perhaps because of 'a vague notion of how radical its demands would be, how everything in it would have to be carried to extremes.' But *Dr Faustus* bulldozed these scruples aside. Could any author resist the combined demand for expression of his nation's spiritual history, the modern cultural situation, his own life-history – and Hitler's concentration camps? Not, at any rate, Thomas Mann.

And so Mann finds himself reading recollections of Nietzsche and the memoirs of Stravinsky. Though 'I would not be able to explain why my thoughts and interests were turning in this particular direction at that time.' Then the Faustbooks and the letters of Hugo Wolf: 'the combination suggests that I had long been pursuing a rather definite outline of an idea which on the other hand was also extremely nebulous.' Getting hotter, Mann digs up 'the three-line outline of the Dr Faust of 1901,' an unused idea for a story concerning an artist's pact with the devil. But he is sorely tempted – by the devil? – to 'try something else first': the fragmentary comic novel, *Felix Krull,* is still awaiting completion.

But Life won't have this. The year 1943 requires the 'mystic and tragic' rather than the 'humorous and roguish'. And so follows more musical and theological reading. Luther's letters and Dürer's pictures. And the *Witches' Hammer,* and 'Ernest Newman's *Hugo Wolf,* in English'. Correspondence with Bruno Walter, 'not without connection with the subject.' And this entry in his journal: 'Expectation of the invasion of Italy. Undertakings against Sardinia and Sicily are in the offing. . . . In the evening read *Love's Labours Lost.*' For Adrian Leverkühn was to use this play for his parodistic opera. And on 23 May 1943, Mann begins to write *Dr Faustus,* and Zeitblom (who was responsible for the libretto of the aforementioned opera, despite his disapproval of Shakespeare's 'mockery of classical studies') begins to set down 'The Life of the German Composer Adrian Leverkühn' – though the date Zeitblom gives is 27 May.

But the commerce of art and life goes on throughout the writing of the novel – as it does within the novel. 'The magnetism of a concern that fills the whole soul is powerful and mysterious. . . . It governs, forms, and colours external experiences, social encounters.' Hence the journal entries, 'Dining with the Schönbergs in Brentwood', 'Soirée at the Werfels' with Stravinsky', and so forth. And hence some skilled brain-picking at the highest levels, for 'there is nothing sillier, in a novel about an artist, than merely to assert the existence of art, to talk about genius. . . . No, concrete reality, exactitude, were needed.' And exactly the right person turns up: Dr Adorno, author of *Zur Philosophie der modernen Musik,* philosophy teacher at Frankfurt University until the Nazis expelled him, and at this time living in Los Angeles. Another expert, Dr Martin Gumpert, provides medical works on syphilis of the central nervous system.

Mann did his best to keep up with Zeitblom. He was writing even on 17 May (7 May?) 1945, the day on which Germany officially capitulated. 'What I feel,' Mann recorded in his journal, 'is not exactly high spirits. This and that will happen to Germany – but nothing *in* Germany.' Though it must have gratified him to learn that his house in Munich now harboured refugees – the Nazis had made use of it as a home for unmarried mothers under the name 'Spring of Life, Inc'. Yet another irruption of the symbolic.

Lesser mortals may be comforted to hear that even Mann had his moments of despondency, 'heavy, inactive days' when the work seemed merely misguided. But Life came to the rescue. 'The truth is that, when one is at work, pertinent and significant material is constantly appearing from all sides, thrown across one's path as if fate were acting as procurer.' Even Mann's chest surgery seems to have invigorated him – though he wonders, too, whether it wasn't the novel's insistence on being finished that brought him so successfully through the operation. Again, the inextricability of those old contraries, art and life, artist and human being.

The Genesis of a Novel reads like one of Mann's short novels. Yet we are persuaded that this was how it happened. The social gossip, the carefully respectful attitude towards American officials and their requests for highbrow propaganda – everything fits in. Even the ponderous banalities ('praise is a food that swiftly satiates') are explored to the point where they cease to be commonplace. For the GOM manner is accompanied by a gentle but assiduous irony: the old lion was something of an old fox, too.

But no doubt this late book of Mann's will also fail to distract our English novel-fanciers from their rapt contemplation of well-made nullities. He is too big to be noticed, it seems.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Farmhouse, Connecticut

Knock – on a Sunday morning:
Sun's wide, frost burned away, but
No reply. Behind the Morning Glories,
Grey plank walls, the action
Painter from the Village
And his girl are sleeping:
Keeping
Some discipline
Of wildness round the heart.
Yet canes, shrubs now red-
Ink tinted, taller
Trees advance. Take care, take care.
Watch how stone-fenced small
Intakes of Bishop Berkeley's year
Under their inching forward disappear.
Sumachs by the black, black bog
Extend wild brash paint ads
Across the marvellous air.
The grey boards (housing
Lucy and Aron) are
Sun-curled, dried and bare.
Unnamed America comes back,
And skunk and young bisect
A narrowing track.
Our discipline's both wild and clear,
Is fence, mosses and gap.
So, sleeping two, I say,
Take care.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Universal Darkness

The Unmentionable Nechaev. By MICHAEL PRAWDIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s*.

Civil War in Russia. By DAVID FOOTMAN. *Faber.* 35*s*.

Writers on Soviet Russia take as their guiding principle the last lines from the *Dunciad*:

> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all.

The history of old Russia can be handled like that of any other state. When all else fails, the archives of the secret police provide rich material – so much so that one sometimes feels that the secret police kept the revolutionaries going for their own profit and occupation. With the Bolshevik revolution, all is changed. Conjecture takes the place of knowledge. This is not surprising. A great revolution takes a long time to digest. Memories are still too painful, the issues still too sharp. The French could not contemplate their revolution with detachment until more than a century afterwards, if indeed they do so now. There is no Russian textbook on the revolution which can be safely put into the hands of Soviet children. Apart from anything else, it is impossible to have Trotsky in, and even more impossible to leave him out. Western observers are so concerned with the evils of Communism, that they feel it must have been evil from the beginning. Only Mr E. H. Carr has transcended these embarrassments. He has no rival on either side of the Iron Curtain.

Mr Prawdin's book on Nechaev is a curious example of this double vision. The first part is a serious study of Nechaev, the most extreme and most futile of Russian revolutionaries. Nechaev carried to its furthest point the rejection, common to all revolutionaries, of *bourgeois* morality. He held quite logically that a revolutionary must be actively immoral; and he practised what he preached. He deceived his own associates; fabricated imaginary movements to impress them and even himself; murdered a harmless student who refused to obey his order. He achieved nothing except lasting fame as the central figure of *The Possessed*. He was imprisoned in Russia as a murderer, not as a political offender; continued to fabricate imaginary conspiracies in prison, even enlisting his warders; and died a martyr to his obsession.

Mr Prawdin has handled him well. He goes on to label the Nihilists as 'Nechaevists', and then proceeds to the discovery which is the real purpose of his book, that Lenin was a Nechaevist also. This is a joke, good for a short article, unworthy of a serious book. Lenin did not need instruction from Nechaev to arrive at his ruthless practice. It was common to all revolutionaries. Blanqui, Bakunin, Marx himself, were accused, and rightly, of dictatorial behaviour. Each one of them claimed to possess the secret of revolution, and demanded unquestioned obedience to his orders. Each one of them repudiated bourgeois morality; and in practice this meant, as it was bound to do, repudiating morality without an adjective. A new morality must wait for the victory of the Socialist revolution. It does not need knowledge of Nechaev to tell us the principles of Communist policy; and Lenin would be more likely to laugh at the accusation of Nechaevism than to be annoyed by it.

Mr Footman's book is more modest in everything except its title. It offers a simple

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LONGMANS

narrative of some episodes in the Russian Civil War, told with a good reliance on the sources. One chapter deals with the Volunteer army which attempted to fight on the Don; another with the abortive revival of the Constituent Assembly. There is an account of the British expedition to Archangel and Murmansk, and of the end of Kolchak, whom the Czech legionaries handed over to the Bolsheviks. The best and most careful chapter is the account of the anarchist Makhno, who maintained an independent authority in southern Russia for a considerable period. The weakness of the book is that it is nearly all from one side. Five chapters out of six deal with the resistance to the Bolshevik government. Only one is devoted to the beginnings of the Red Army, and this is scanty – not Mr Footman's fault. Even to this day the Communists are in the dark why they won; and so are we. Mr Footman surmises that the existence of the Communist party made the difference: it was the feather which turned the scale. The book as a whole does not hang together. The chapters remain separate articles without a uniting theme. The effect is like a rubber dinghy which has not been blown up: perfectly seaworthy, but it will float only if the reader puts the air in for himself.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Near-Führer

The Fascists in Britain. By COLIN CROSS. *Barrie & Rockliff*. 21*s*.

Mosley – Right or Wrong? By OSWALD MOSLEY. *Lion Books*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Britain is the only great democracy where freedom has never been threatened either from the extreme Right or from the extreme Left. In France, Italy, Germany and, as Senator McCarthy recently rudely reminded us, even in the USA, totalitarianism is endemic; and, under suitable conditions, erupts with a popular violence that cannot be contained within the conventions of constitutional party politics. In Britain – at least since the introduction of universal suffrage – we have had no such experience of an anti-democratic mass movement. Though Communism has indeed become a movement, it has remained a minority movement; and, as for Fascism, it has only once – and then very briefly – risen above the rank of a splinter party. Why? We all know the established answer to this question. The failure of Fascism and Communism is attributed quite simply to our traditional love of freedom and our instinctive wisdom in handling parliamentary institutions.

Since I agree with Bagehot that the characteristic most obviously displayed by our Establishment in the development of free institutions is not instinctive wisdom but bovine stupidity, I have always begged leave to doubt this complacent explanation. Now I find that my doubts are both strengthened and rationalised by the workmanlike history of British Fascism Mr Cross has given us. He shows, first, that Fascism was more widespread in the 1920s and more successful in the 1930s than we like to remember; and, secondly, that its collapse was due to mistakes of leadership and the chances of war.

Since the essence of Fascism is the *Führerprinzip*, this history rightly starts with an admirably objective biography of Sir Oswald Mosley, in which this public ogre is revealed as the outstanding politician of his generation, capable, if he had gone straight, of becoming either a Conservative or a Labour Prime Minister. Indeed, the really puzzling problem is why on earth a man of his gifts, and his unlimited possibilities of power within the system, should have suddenly gone off the rails.

The key to his violent break from democracy is to be found in the disgraceful events leading up to the collapse of the Labour Government in 1931. Mosley was spurned by Whitehall, Fleet Street and every party leader at Westminster, simply and solely because he was right. As Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he had the task of preparing plans for conquering unemployment. In the autumn of 1929, with John Strachey as his lieutenant, George Lansbury as his collaborator and Maynard Keynes as his *éminence grise*. he submitted to the Cabinet the Mosley Memorandum. This revolutionary blueprint for recovery combined tariff protection. bulk purchase agreements with the Dominions, subsidised home agriculture, a higher school-leaving age plus retirement pensions at 60 and, most important of all, a budgetary plan consisting not of economy cuts but of pump-priming measures, including increased Government spending.

We can now see that the Mosley Plan bore a strong resemblance both to the first phase of Roosevelt's New Deal and to Hitler's full employment policy in Germany. Like the greatest democrat and the greatest Fascist of our century, Mosley was prepared to discard the orthodoxies of democratic politics and to break with the bankers of high finance in order to conquer unemployment. But, whereas Roosevelt and Hitler were able to put their ideas into practice, Mosley was rejected by all the politicians – apart from the extreme Left of his own party.

There was only one other responsible Labour leader with a similar vision. Ernest Bevin at this time was working with Keynes on the Macmillan Committee, thereby acquiring a healthy contempt for orthodox finance. But Bevin would have nothing to do with the wealthy political upstart, and Mosley soon found himself isolated and unable to reckon on any support except from the Left wing of the ILP. In May 1930 he resigned and at once submitted his proposals to the Parliamentary Party. The unemployment figures were soaring and the Government had no policy. But Mosley was defeated by 210 votes to 29. That autumn he appealed to the annual conference, which, then as now. was well to the Left of the Parliamentary Party. There he triumphed in the debate but lost the vote by 1,251,000 to 1,046,000, owing to the fact that the taxi which was bringing A. J. Cook from the station, with the miners' vote in his pocket, broke down.

Savagely disillusioned by the catastrophic failure of Labour leadership, Mosley made one more effort to remain within the system. In December 1930 he issued his memorandum as a Political Manifesto, signed by Aneurin Bevan, John Strachey, W. J. Brown and himself. In Left-wing parties it is bad enough to be right a few months ahead of your leaders; but this brilliant Keynesian Manifesto was a whole generation ahead of Labour thinking. It was dismissed with derision. In March 1931 he launched his New Party, which at once suffered a humiliating defeat in the General Election that autumn. At this point he decided to make himself the head of the British Union of Fascists.

Fascism, during the 1920s, was quite modish in Britain. Many of the leaders were Establishment figures.

> The OC London was General Sir Ormonde Winter, who tried to get the members enrolled *en bloc* in the Special Constabulary . . . Colonel Dan Burges VC, Governor of the Tower of London, who was criticized for wearing the Fascist badge, replied: 'British Fascism has nothing to do with politics at all.'

The BUF was organised on the principle of absolute obedience to Mosley. Within a few months he had expelled all his rivals and integrated a number of small Fascist parties into a single, streamlined organisation. The times could not have been more favourable. The collapse of the Labour Government; the formation of a National Government (which was created to defend the pound and promptly went off the gold standard); the mutiny at Invergordon and the fact that unemployment continued to increase, whatever the Government might do – all this combined to discredit the old political parties and make serious people, on the Right as well as on the Left, conclude that capitalism and democracy were bound to collapse. With the public support of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail* and large-scale secret subsidies, probably from Italy, Mosley was able to establish a combined headquarters and barracks in Chelsea and start branches all over the country. By the end of 1933, Mr Cross tells us, the BUF was a rapidly expanding concern, with its own holiday camps and its own brand of cigarettes.

Then, within three weeks of each other, came two events which halted the growth of Fascism and started Mosley's decline. The first was the famous Olympia meeting, the biggest and best organised political demonstration ever staged in this country. The Left had announced its determination to break it up. Mosley decided to react with a calculated display of disciplined brutality by his Blackshirts. Intended to present the Fascist leader as the man who could preserve law and order by breaking the Reds, this disgusting show shocked the Right of the Conservative Party into its senses. Three weeks later, on 30 June, there took place in Germany the Night of the Long Knives, when the SS, on Hitler's orders, butchered Ernst Röhm and hundreds of other SA leaders. The effect on Mosley's image was catastrophic.

In a desperate effort to recover the momentum of success, Mosley plunged deeper into violence, launching himself on the East End of London in a campaign of the crudest Jew-baiting. That finished him. By the time war broke out the BUF was a minute splinter party, which only achieved notoriety by the Home Office decision in 1940 to lock up Mosley's prominent members, without charge, for the duration.

Mr Cross's epilogue on post-war Fascism has been supplemented recently by a paperback entitled *Mosley – Right or Wrong?* Like all Mosley's books, it is written with clarity and incisive intelligence. Of course, he still believes in his mission and in this book remarks that he is not as old as Adenauer was when he became Chancellor. That remark set me off on an odd train of thought. I began to imagine that we had lost the war and that an occupied Britain had been partitioned, with the Japanese setting up their satellite regime north of the Trent and the Nazis in southern England. Can there be any doubt that, if history had gone that way, Oswald Mosley would have had a career as a bulwark of Western civilisation against the Yellow Peril, at least as respectable as that of Konrad Adenauer?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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Alan Sillitoe's first novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, appeared less than four years ago and it is some sort of comment on the whimsies of the literary market that one should already be concerned to disinter his reputation. Since that book ('If he never writes anything more, he has assured himself a place in the history of the English novel', *New Yorker*), he has, in fact, written two or three more and, if one is to judge from the Sunday reviews of his latest*, he runs the present danger of being less written about than written off.

Saturday Night met with the large acclaim that usually signals either a work of genius or the satisfaction of a contemporary need. The truth, as so often with the truth, seems in retrospect to have lain somewhere in between. This is the confident, vivid story of an engaging Nottingham toughie, Arthur Seaton, easily making his 14 pounds a week at the factory lathe and moving through booze-ups, fights and beds towards a local, conventional marriage. At moments, its hero sounds off at almost everything:

> Factories sweat you to death, labour exchanges talk you to death, insurance and income tax offices milk money from your wage packets and rob you to death. And if you're still left with a tiny bit of life in your guts after all this boggering about, the Army calls you up and you get shot to death. . . .

This fluent, brutish anarchism chimes reasonably enough with the rest of Arthur and with the whole first-hand creation of his environment: this, one is prepared to believe, is how this man thinks at these times. But the welcome he received changed the stresses: the hero became a hero of *our* times and his gusty fulminations representative of a groundswell of working-class protest. As Mr Crosland suggested in these pages, and in this connection, a fortnight ago, the liberal mind has its seedy moments and Arthur offered the opportunity for a kind of enacted self-indulgence, a 'protest' that incorporated doses of sex and violence, too. Mr Sillitoe himself isn't guiltless: the book does tip towards larger gestures; but there's surely something a bit wilful about the general reading of Seaton as a trend rather than a man, a reading that Finney's persuasive presence in the recent film of the book can only have helped to consolidate.

What hindsight allows is that the book's main achievement was to have caught and rendered a class context unfamiliar to most readers, and writers, of novels. We are so prey to fashion that a couple of decent novels about industrial communities north of the Thames is enough to set off talk of a proletarian movement in English fiction, with knowing nods towards Lawrence and Arnold Bennett: four such novels, and the 'movement' is felt to have usefully run its course. There isn't, after all, so much to know about the proles (so runs the insidious argument) and the healthy shudder of confronting a kitchen sink, cracks and all, has its therapeutic moment and fades. Against this arrogant nonsense *Saturday Night* stands firm. To afford a sense of physical entry into unknown terrain is not the least of the novelist's capacities and Mr Sillitoe's first book did this with freshness and urgency.

As much was true for *The Loneliness of the Long-distance Runner*, the collection of short stories that followed. The title-piece took one with some guile into the mind of a pistoning cross-country Borstal boy, and into a more coherent revolt than Seaton's: conscientiously throwing a race the Governor wanted him to win. Other stories showed a growing interest in taking risks with language, small flarings of imagery that, in one case at least ('The Fishing-Boat Picture'), turned back and lit up the whole tale. These were Nottingham stories still, bedded down in native soil, and the next novel, *The General*, which was published last year, indicated that Mr Sillitoe is best when he keeps to the realities of his background. It seemed to me then – and does on re-reading – a rather sterile exercise in placelessness, its dummy protagonists playing out a moral charade in a mythical country under arms. A symphony orchestra, ambushed by the Gorsheks, will have their lives spared if they play for the General. This is the kind of tiresome allegory that Rex Warner used to confound us with and in Mr Sillitoe's hands it is even less satisfying, demanding as it does a quality of intellectual stamina that he notably lacks.

To be kind, if not fulsome, one would gloss over the book of poems, *The Rats*, that succeeded this, but it would do no one any sort of service, least of all their author. The tone and tenor of these extraordinarily incompetent verses have been fairly paralleled all too recently in those maniac home-thoughts from abroad of Osborne's: they issue from a strangulating anger that jettisons all considerations of intelligence and responsibility. Mr Sillitoe is unlikely to be remembered as a thinker, and these lines from the title-poem are probably the bedrock of what he has to offer as a social philosopher:

> Admitted, you gave them bread and beer
> and cheese
> But in return took each man's name
> and age
> And locked his magic in a wicker cage
> Burning it in secret while they filled
> Unwittingly their bellies after hunger.

The interest of those lines is that they might have been half-thought by Arthur or even *written* by Brian Seaton, Arthur's elder brother (so far as I can make out) and the hero of Sillitoe's latest, longest book, *Key to the Door*. The business of a cage is relevant because that is what, in effect, the new work is: a patient, passionate delineation of a cramped environment. How far it is autobiographical I can't say. Sillitoe did some service in Malaya as a RAF radio operator and so does Brian Seaton. Both left school early for factory work; both are Nottingham bred. Certainly there is every sign that much of it is recreation. It is incredibly episodic, jerking along from paddling-pool to school-room to love with a dancing girl in Kota Libis, as if the nominal thread of Brian is enough to hold so much disparate experience together. It indulges itself so robustly in excursions that the attempts to patch up a plot and a theme in the closing pages are very nearly funny. Brian holds his fire with some Malayan guerrillas under his sights and this is seen (endorsed by the dancing-girl) as a triumph of private courage, that key to the door, maybe.

There are other irritations. Just as *The Rats* juggles with a handful of famous first lines, plays havoc with gobbets of reading, so does the new novel indulge itself in some ugly jargon. 'Born of a breaking-point, his loneliness was a brain-flash at the boundary of his early stress' – or again, 'But the disappearance of his friends disturbed him, and trying to put his thoughts into speech was like an iceberg that grows hands in the middle of the ocean attempting to lift itself out of the water'. This stuff reads more like an ambitious young writer trying to lift himself into the top ten.

Why, then, after so much qualification, does one find oneself firmly recommending *Key to the Door*? Here is another quotation: 'We are not concerned with the very poor. They are unthinkable, and only to be approached by the statistician or the poet.' This is the deft, disquieting irony with which Mr Forster opened a chapter of *Howard's End* some 50 years ago and it is chastening to see how very, very little has been done, in fiction, for the 'very poor' since then. Mr Sillitoe's novel doesn't satisfy one's habitual demands on the genre: organisation, direction, a dénouement of sorts. What it does do, and triumphantly, is to collect a glowing series of descriptions of a certain kind of prison. Instances of poor writing are easy to isolate (Mr Sillitoe too often aims at poetic compressions and he isn't really much of a poet), but I would need more space to quote the many pages that move with a powerful physical certainty towards their end. And these pages *are* concerned with the very poor: with the stratagems and outlets and blows and reconciliations of Brian's friends and of his swarming relations.

Richard Hoggart underlined the difficulty of such an undertaking in *The Uses of Literacy*: 'Even a writer as astringent as George Orwell never quite lost the habit of seeing the working-classes through the cosy fug of an Edwardian music-hall'. Mr Sillitoe's astringency is inborn: he couldn't patronise or make allowances for his people if he tried. The stumbling-blocks to appreciating his achievement for what it is

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come in his repeated insertions of social awareness: little arguments about Abyssinia and Spain, the clumsy endorsement of Brian's criminality in Malaya. His strength has nothing to do with such private self-concessions, however sincere they may be. What he does, in his best books, is to make one aware as never before of the tough difference between a sympathetic 'understanding' of what it has meant to be working-class and the blunt actuality in terms of parents-on-the-dole, pride under hand-outs, and sheer massive distrust of Them. For all the large talk of working-class novelists, we have precious few of them. Mr Sillitoe is the first of that few who have helped to make the deprived something better than unthinkable.

Constant Loudspeakers

The Birth of Broadcasting. By ASA BRIGGS. *Oxford. 42s.*

The BBC is one of the portents of my generation. Pushing 50 now, we can clearly remember the time before there was any public broadcasting. Later we scratched at crystals to conjure up Sir Walford Davies or the Savoy Hill uncles; we were witnesses to the debuts of Jack Payne and John Snagge, the gradual acceptance in respectable homes of the loudspeaker. In 1926 Archbishop Davidson could still say:

> I hear of loudspeakers now in constant use all over England – in hospital wards, in union workhouses, in factory dining-rooms, in clubs, in the servants' halls of the great houses and even among the workers in the fields.

We can recall the General Strike and the 1931 election and the roles – ignobly negative in the former, deplorably positive in the latter – which broadcasting played.

We watched with awe the construction of the Establishment-gigantic Ministry of Enlightenment in Portland Place and observed with resignation that its first symbolic consequence was to smother and despoil the exquisite lines of Nash's masterpiece, All Souls, Langham Place. We narrowed our minds to receive the war-time voice of Valiant-for-Part-of-the-Truth and (careful not to let them stretch again) we have since refined them to the point where we can accept Huw Wheldon or Norman Fisher without either blushes or disturbing thoughts. The whole monstrous institution has grown up, as it were, with us, and we are the last generation who can bear first-hand witness to the magnitude of the social and cultural change which it has inspired.

Clancy Sigal wrote in this journal last week: 'TV as a form and medium is . . . antithetical to good art because it bowdlerises and excludes personal malice, sex, evil.' Substitute BBC for TV and the aphorism is equally true. The BBC as a whole is antithetic to both good art and good politics, because it excludes not only malice, sex, evil, but the possibility of intellectual offence and above all the decisive conclusions which are the proper end of civilised dialogue.

Equally true – but how true? Only half. It's an appalling reproach to our civilisation that, having developed the most pervasive means of communication in history, we have taken the necessary steps to see that nothing more potent than the carefully measured platitudes of *Panorama* can ever be communicated through it. But the other side of the story is that a public which can at the turn of a switch have access to *Panorama*, to *Monitor*, to the *Brains Trust*, to BBC News, to *Woman's Hour*, to *Any Questions* and to the world's most diverse and comprehensive repertoire of music, is offered a scale of richness and stimulus which has never been disseminated so widely before. We may (and should) complain that the archetypal BBC liberal is in his own habitat such an emasculate and ambivalent creature. But if we do, we must admit that, when his independence and integrity is challenged from outside by either government or commerce, he will certainly on occasion stand up and fight.

The BBC did become, despite the myth to the contrary, in the broadest sense an organ of propaganda in war-time – and this was inevitable, perhaps even desirable. It submitted to virtual government dictation at one point at least in the General Strike – but this was because John Reith, its heroic founding father, judged that he was not yet strong enough to crash the government head-on and that discretion would prove the better part of valour. He was pretty certainly right; and it is a monument to his foresight as well as his public spirit that on most occasions in recent years the BBC has felt strong enough to resist outside direction. Its bias is, of course, inevitably that of the conventionally educated upper middle class; and this shows through at all times of social tension. Lately the bias has revealed itself not in accepting government dictation – on the contrary, emissaries from Number Ten were sent packing when they tried that on at the time of Suez – but in the manifestly unfair reporting of, say, the division in the Labour Party.

Nevertheless when one has made all the complaints, one is left with a publicly responsible institution of high conscience and reasonably liberal philosophy, which offers a better quality of output on a wider scale than any other communicator in the world. Those like Clancy Sigal (and myself) who grumble at the disappointingly smooth reflection of the liberal, *Observer*-reading Establishment which somehow or other emerges at the end of it all should be thankful that at least we are offered that much straight, and not Mr Val Parnell's vulgarisation of it.

Professor Briggs's book, which prompts these reflections, is the first of a four-volume history of British broadcasting. It deals with the earliest days from 1897, when the Marconi Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company was formed, to 1927, when the commercial consortium of the British Broadcasting Company was replaced by the Corporation we know today. Reading this detailed and meticulous account of the early struggles, of the pressures – both official and commercial – which were put on the technicians and the artists who suckled broadcasting in its infancy, of the resolute and artful campaign waged by Reith to secure that broadcasting should be the charge of an independent and publicly accountable monopoly, I began to realise that these were the conditioning processes which have led 35 years later to all the strengths and weaknesses of the BBC today. To an institution which is antithetical to the creative process, but is also, thank God, antithetical to the plug-uglies of show business and the patent medicine racket. Against their insidious corruption of values, it is a bastion of honourable resistance.

JOHN FREEMAN

African Interiors

The Heart of the Hunter. By LAURENS VAN DER POST. *Hogarth.* 21*s.*

Mr Van der Post continues the story of his expedition to find the remaining Bushmen of South Africa's deserts. This book begins where *The Lost World of the Kalahari* ended. Those who, like myself, were fascinated by the first will also be by this. The author has been fighting a gallant battle against the forces of stupidity that have almost killed off the Bushmen; and if any of these notable little people survive, it will be due largely to him. His campaign, described here, does something to sweeten the ugly story of South Africa in our time.

This work, however, is intended to be read on two levels. On the deeper level it is another venture into the interior: Mr Van der Post's exploration of the labyrinths of his unconscious, aided by the lamp of the old magician Jung. For some, this will be the point of the book. But I found an irritable philistinism growing with every sentence I read, in reaction to an emphatic dogmatism that seems to me unsuitable for charting regions where, as the old magician knew better than anyone, every truth has a double face. For Mr Van der Post never seems to be in any doubt about what is true and what false. For instance, the desert is

> above all the symbol of what has been most deeply denied in men's own spirit: it is a kind of bright mirror wherein they see the arid reflection of their own rejected and uncared-for selves.

But judging from the remarkable people I've known who have been in love with space and the desert, the opposite is true: the desert is a symbol of richness and potentiality. Well, my guess is as good as Mr Van der Post's; but I doubt whether he'd grant as much. And he is quite certain about how to interpret the tales of the Bushmen. I would rather they were offered to us straight; as it is one has to read them several times, so as to determine what part is Bushman and what the author's. The essence of fable is mystery and magic; and these get lost when meanings are made too clear

Worse than this, I think the symbolist is harming the writer. He can write a sentence as poetically exact as:

> Almost all the grass was gone and only the broken-off stubble of another season left here and there, so thin, bleached and translucent that its shadow was little more than a darker form of the sunlight.

But five minutes later thorn trees are cunning, and the smell of food appeases the hungry desert air, and the Bushmen's fire smoke is sensitive – as distinct from the less sensitive fire smoke of the non-Bushmen. Everything becomes personalised and sentimentalised. The African landscape is still, thank God, impersonal and indifferent to man; but Mr Van der Post projects his emotions into every animal, tree, bird or human he sees, so that, identifying with the Bushmen in my own manner, I found I was in the middle of a fantasy where, hopping frantically on one leg in front of Mr Van der Post, I was shouting, 'Baas, Baas, I'm not dead yet, please don't make me into an archetype until I am.'

But the animals are in an even worse plight. Poor hyena, following his nature, yet so inescapably the symbol of everything evil. Poor lion, forced always to be so noble,

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never a cowardly or a shabby lion. And poor porcupine, symbol of womanhood – aren't those rattling, swelling quills of hers also for defence, not merely the pretty black and white images of Light and Dark? And how a porcupine's lair can smell – like a lion's, or the noble leopard's . . . but where in this book are all the stink and squalor of Africa, that go side by side with its splendour? It may turn out that we can't have one without the other; but there is never a mention in this book of flies, prickly-heat, mosquitos, sand, ticks or the reek of stale sweat and dirt.

But my serious quarrel with Mr Van der Post is that I think he is engaged in a kind of betrayal. A good many people will agree with him when he says, with Lawrence, that the world is sick because man's spirit has become one-sided from the wrong use of reason. But judging from how the bones have been falling recently, we are at the beginning of a stampede away from a one-sidedness of reason towards a one-sidedness of irrationalism. Modern man may say: 'The Bushmen say that . . .' or 'It expresses a poetic truth for me when the Bushmen say that . . .' but not:

> Sirius . . . was so full and overflowing with light that it was almost shapeless – a sort of careless gash in the night through which the brightness of the day beyond was leaking like clear water from a broken tap.

He shouldn't say it because he knows it is not true; and if we don't insist on what we know, with the same stubbornness we use to insist on what we feel and imagine, then we are helping the stampede to something that might destroy us all yet.

DORIS LESSING

Past Masters

Clock Without Hands. By CARSON MCCULLERS. *Cresset.* 16*s*.

Midcentury. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Deutsch.* 21*s*.

Holy Week. By LOUIS ARAGON. Translated by Haakon Chevalier. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s*.

Daughter of Silence. By MORRIS WEST. *Heinemann.* 16*s*.

More than Moon. By LAURENCE CLARK. *Centaur.* 16*s*.

Drunkard's Walk. By FREDERIK POHL. *Gollancz.* 13*s*. 6*d*.

Grotesque by almost any other standards, the leading characters of *Clock Without Hands* are pretty straightforward for Carson McCullers. The time is 1953, the setting a backwoods town in Georgia, with desegregation already in the air. Fox Clane, a vainglorious old judge full of diehard prejudice, comes up with a mad scheme for redeeming Confederate money, but without convincing his grandson, who is under the sway of Sherman, a blue-eyed negro with fancy modern ideas and a will of his own. If Judge Clane is the South unregenerate, his friend Malone, a nondescript pharmacist dying of leukaemia, is the South finding its conscience at 11.59. When Sherman moves into a white neighbourhood, Malone is browbeaten into joining the lynch-party, but at the crucial moment he refuses to lob a petrol-bomb through the offending front-window. Since we're down south, there's naturally a skeleton in the cupboard: Sherman is a foundling who weaves romances around the mystery of his birth, but it turns out that his father was executed, with the Judge's family partly to blame. Is the moral here meant to be that the Old South produced the New Negro, and that they are both equally pathetic in their pretensions? I hope not, and I don't think so; but while Mrs McCullers undoubtedly has a soft spot for the old Judge and his mellifluous rhetoric, Sherman is cold and unreal, a sad disappointment after the negroes in the earlier stories. This is the author's weakest book to date: the writing is surprisingly slack, the symbolism creaks, the climax – Judge Clane, in spite of himself, spouting the Gettysburg Address over the radio – doesn't come off. But Mrs McCullers below her top form is a lot more rewarding than most novelists at their best; she still has a wonderful eye, and an unsurpassed feeling for the unfledged, the broken-down, the estranged.

At the end of *Midcentury* a teenager steals his uncle's credit cards and sets out on the razzle, which is the John Dos Passos version of modern American history in a nutshell. Old is good, new is bad, and the unions are worst of all – for what purports to be a panoramic 'novel of our time' proves little more than a crotchety attack on labour rackets as the root of all unAmerican evil, most of it at the same level as *Time* magazine denouncing Jimmy Hoffa. This is the most controversial work from Mr Dos Passos for a long time, and it would be exciting to report that the volcano given up for extinct had started rumbling dangerously again. But it's only the growl of any bilious reactionary down at the country-club. The old Dos Passos devices – press-cuttings, pocket biographies, words run together without benefit of hyphen – are trotted out, and they give the book a surface liveliness. But the rancour, the smoking-room guffaws at psychiatry, the lump in the throat for General MacArthur! All one can do for the sake of the man who once wrote *Manhattan Transfer* and *The Big Money* is look the other way.

Holy Week, Louis Aragon's elaborate reconstruction of the turmoil which followed Napoleon's return from Elba and ushered in the Hundred Days has enjoyed a huge success in France, says the blurb. A peculiar translation explains something – no doubt a sentence like 'Listen to those blatherskites, all of them already won over to the Little Shaver' has a fine ring in the original – and a detailed knowledge of the period would partly dispel the confusion. But it's hard to see what Aragon was up to, and his own incoherent comments are no help. I wondered whether one was meant to look for an allegory of Stalinism, or Gaullism, or the plight of the romantic artist (Géricault, in this case) swept up in an age of revolution. But all I could find was an old-fashioned historical novel, painstaking, packed with detail, and almost totally unreadable.

Where are the afternoons torpid, the church-bells plangent, and the peasant children serious of mien? In the Tuscany of Morris West's *Daughter of Silence*, where the murder trial of a neurotic girl drastically alters the lives of the defence counsel, his unfaithful wife and his impossible father-in-law, a Vittorio de Sica lawyer with a diamond pin in his cravat, all worldly wisdom and philosophic shrugs. On the edge of the affair hover a beautiful girl called Ninette who paints much as Mr West writes, and an Australian doctor, endlessly debating Justice and Responsibility and picking away at one of those neat moral conundrums that only crop up in fiction.

More than Moon is an ingenious skit on Anglo-American relations transposed an octave, for Laurence Clark visualises a time when the US will be the last outpost of democracy on earth, uneasily dependent on the goodwill of the Moon, a former American colony turned super-power. Mr Clark enjoys himself painting the moonscapes of his brash new world, and even more in portraying America as decrepit but picturesque; but his witty observations of the present tend to get lost beneath the cumbersome futuristic machinery with which he has saddled himself. I preferred the straight science fiction of *Drunkard's Walk*. Two centuries hence, a mathematician finds himself repeatedly trying to commit suicide in his sleep – perfectly rational behaviour, some would say, if the universities of the future are going to be as grim and computer-ridden as they are shown here. In fact he's the potential victim by thought-control of an unprecedented international conspiracy. I won't give the fiendish game away, but it makes a good story, which would be even better if the protagonists came to life. The fans are forever telling us that we mustn't look for depth of characterisation in science fiction, but Mr Pohl's zombies are positively one-dimensional.

JOHN GROSS

Toynbee's Gerontion

Pantaloon. By PHILIP TOYNBEE. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

What you notice first about Philip Toynbee's novel in (mostly) verse are the echoes of Eliot – of *The Waste Land*, the *Four Quartets*, *Ash Wednesday*. But this should have been expected, and isn't blameworthy; Toynbee isn't setting up as a Milton, and 300 pages of solid verse (with more to come – for *Pantaloon* is only a beginning) will obviously be written in 'the style of its time'. Watered-down Eliot is that style, the watering excused and indeed necessitated by considerations merely of bulk. After a while it strikes you that one Eliot poem in particular is being drawn upon – 'Gerontion'. And then it dawns gradually that *Pantaloon* is a doing over of 'Gerontion', drawing out and making definite what, in that cryptic and unsatisfying poem, exists only as a possibility.

In particular it draws out what Hugh Kenner has seen in 'Gerontion', the possibility that Eliot's narrator uses the rhetoric of Jacobean blank verse not to reveal but to deceive himself. Toynbee's 'old man in a dry month', on the third of the four days through which he reminisces to his 'boy' (an American sophomore), catches himself out in self-deception, and revises his own account of his mother and his relations with her. My spirits fell when I realised that in this version history's 'many cunning passages, contrived corridors' wound and unwound only over the familiar ground of a boy's relations with his mum, and (yes, yet again) public school. Perhaps less private matters are being kept for later volumes. It's true that on the fourth day the hero has grown up enough to be an adolescent Fascist. But this is rather clumsily handled. To render the Fascism Toynbee grafts on to the Eliotic stock of his diction ('Adapted to the hallucination of the kingfisher') slips of late Lawrence and (better, but less frequently) of early Auden, even echoes of Claudel and Yeats. This is an amusing language game, but as it goes on it destroys the at best precarious verisimilitude by which the hero reveals all this in conversation with 'an understanding school-

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master'. The latter, who speaks what passes for schoolmasterly prose, is a stock character out of farce – which isn't, I suspect, what his author intended. On the other hand one feels comfortably that he is in control of his narrator, unpleasant old cove as he is; what remains unaccountable about him, such as a Jamesian note when he speaks prose, will doubtless be accounted for when we know about his later history.

A novel is what the dust-jacket calls it, but on this showing it would be better called, simply, a poem. What I can recognise as a novelist's imagination is in evidence only once, in a scene where an exquisitely insolent undergraduate of the Twenties makes a monkey out of his adoring parents for the entertainment of his friends; and this is the one place where I found the verse-form obstructive and irritating. Elsewhere in its undemanding way the verse is attractive; there is just enough vivacity and invention in the words to match the similarly unambitious but mildly interesting manipulations of rhythm:

> A tumid sodality
> Whose colours still shock me like a signal
> of the plague.
> Soft-mouthed Bulford;
> Ryman-Jones, the hare-lipped dandy;
> Heseltine with his leg in an iron,
> And Compton who stank in the scrum.
> Painter, like a daddy-long-legs,
> Stilted and frail and seven-foot tall.
> Finally Garstang, pale-faced stutterer,
> Whose under-lip rode high when he spoke
> And shivered against a hairy nostril.

Certainly I would rather have read it in verse than in prose – which is perhaps as much as the author hoped for. But I wish that the old cove who tells the story were a more interesting old cove, less a representative man of his age. Perhaps later instalments may make me change my mind about him.

DONALD DAVIE

Quest for Querry

In Search of a Character. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Bodley Head*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The larger of these two African journals is the one that Graham Greene kept in the Belgian Congo in 1959 when he was collecting material for his last novel, *A Burnt-Out Case.* He has appended the brief diary of a war-time sea voyage in 1941 to Sierra Leone, which was to be the setting for *The Heart of the Matter.*

The Congo journal is carefully kept. It contains brilliant descriptive writing. It fascinates. Yet here and there it makes a slightly disquieting impression. Perhaps this is because part of its subject is itself subjective: it is the diary of a composition. The writing of this novel gave Greene a lot of trouble. He started with the idea of an unknown man turning up at a leper colony: 'an unknown man and I have to find him.' He had also to find the setting for him and the necessary medical and leprological expertise. The trouble, for one who has recently read *A Burnt-Out Case*, is that the background was much the best part. Perhaps diaries of novels – as opposed to diaries of novelists – are apt to have a disappointing effect on the reader – like being told how the conjuring trick is done. If the trick hasn't come off this can be depressing. (I am reminded of the parts of Maugham's admirable *A Writer's Notebook* in which he described the Indian experiences that he misused in *The Razor's Edge.*)

Greene seems to have been suffering more than usual. 'I have little visual imagination and only a short memory,' he writes. I suppose this is partly true. Certainly in his novels he does not go in for elaborate details of things seen, preferring to give the reader fantasy-pegs to associate to: like dream reconstruction. But as a diarist he is sharply observant. Here is a river scene:

> The colour of the water a polished pewter: the clouds seem to shine upwards from below the pewter surface. Even the green of the woods lies under the pewter. Some fishemen's houses on stilts remind one of the East. Men standing in *pirogues* have their legs extended by their shadows into the water, so that they have the appearance of wading. Has some rationalist suggested this as an explanation of Christ walking upon the water?

A moment before, re-reading Conrad, his early master, he was complaining of how 'the heavy hypnotic style falls round me again and I am conscious of the poverty of my own.'

There are several pleasing instances of his own particular humanist bent. Remembering the late Cardinal Griffin opposing a Blood Sports Bill on the grounds that animals were created for man's pleasure, he remarks that if this is moral theology, to hell with it. And how right he is about Belloc:

> He exaggerates everything. He talks a lot about Truth, but there is no truth in his feelings. When he exaggerates his hatreds he achieves a rather crude comic effect, but when he exaggerates his feeling for what he loves we are aware of a fundamental falsity.

The notes on leprosy and lepers are beautifully clear; one would think he had a scientific gift here. He seems less obsessed with leprophilia than in the novel, even though, once, the 'sweet baked smell of sloughed leprous skin' does fill the dispensary. We get little indication of the way Querry is going to develop in the novel. Perhaps the unsatisfactoriness of his shadowy character lies in the falseness of the analogy between him and the burnt-out cases, the lepers whose conditions have become arrested; after all talent and sensuality are not diseases.

The war-time voyage diary is Greene in one of his not so infrequent gay moods. The style in note form approximates to the intelligent first person norm. Only the last sentence conveys the extreme Greene climate: 'It will always be the Africa of the Victorian Atlas, the blank unspoiled continent the shape of the human heart'. H'm.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

50-Megaton Lullaby

Rockabye, baby,
In Krushchev's cradle:
Your mother would help you
If she were able,

Heal you and bless you,
But it's too late:
Your bones were twisted
For reasons of state.

She would gladly have died
To keep you from harm:
But good Papa Krushchev
Felt cause for alarm.

To cure you of inbred
Imperialist greed,
He put cancer and blindness
In your father's seed.

They begged him to spare you
As you lay in the dark:
There was no Noah
To build you an ark.

But Papa never
Goes back on his word:
And so you were born
With the head of a bird.

Before you emerged
Into this our light,
He taught you the lesson
Of Socialist might.

Rockabye, baby,
Broken and bleary,
You are two days old
And already weary.

Like fall-out over
The weeping town,
Your human mother's
Tears rain down.

Darling, your mind
Is twisted too:
You will never know
How she loves you.

Rockabye, baby,
In grief and in pain:
Now Papa need never
Feel threatened again!

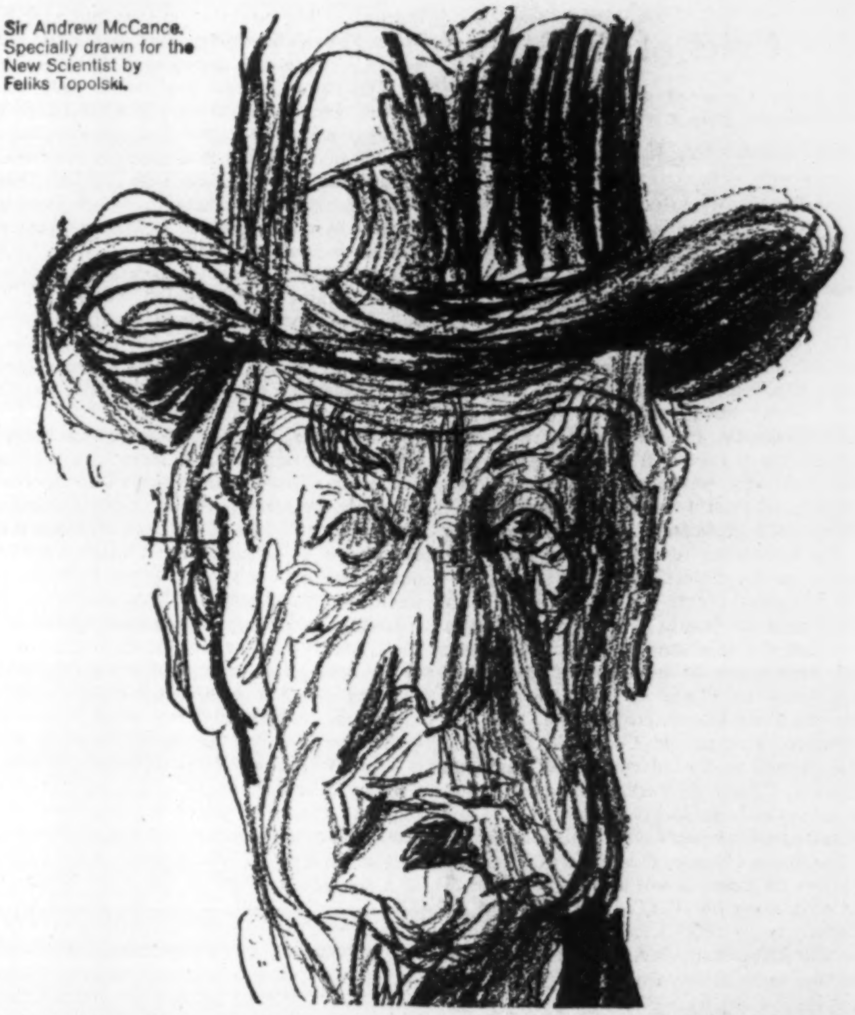
JOHN WAIN

Chateau Jackson

Where is the Jack that built the house
That housed the folk that tilled the field
That filled the bags that brimmed the mill
That ground the flour that browned the bread
That fed the serfs that scrubbed the floors
That wore the mats that kissed the feet
That bore the bums that raised the heads
That raised the eyes that eyed the glass
That sold the pass that linked the lands
That sink the sands that told the time
That stopped the clock that guards the shelf
That shrines the frame that lacks the face
That mocked the man that sired the Jack
That chanced the arm that bought the farm
That caught the wind that skinned the flocks
That raised the rocks that sunk the ship
That rode the tide that washed the bank
That grew the flowers that brewed the red
That stained the page that drowned the loan
That built the house that Jack built?

Here, to begin with, is the world
That breeds the race that claims the right
That makes the pace that makes the race
That bursts the tape that rings the bell
That drees the weird that scoops the news
That stews the tea that stales the smut
That gluts the guts that loathe the lights
That light the path that probes the maze
That traps the days that dodge the wolf
That haunts the door that bears the box
That gulped the bills that swelled the debt
That bent the back that caused the pain
That warped the mind that steered the feet
That took the road that climbed the hill
That boasts the yew that chills the ground
That grows the grass that chokes the flowers
That brewed the red that decked the bank
That bears the slab that wears the words
That tell the truth that ends the quest:
Where is the Jack that built the house?

LOUIS MACNEICE



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Cities of Gold

The Seven Cities of Cibola. By Stephen Clissold. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 25*s*.

Jungle Quest. By Herbert Rittlinger. *Odhams*. 25*s*.

About Tunisia. By John Anthony. *Bles*. 21*s*.

Danish Episode. By Robin Bryans. *Faber*. 25*s*.

Look Back, Mrs Lot. By Ephraim Kishon. *Deutsch*. 15*s*.

I'm not sure that 'unpretentious' and 'modest' are adjectives of praise for books. Books which don't pretend to much may not go far wrong, but are seldom gloriously right. Quite obviously, the worthiest here is *The Seven Cities of Cibola*. It's modest, unpretentious, and very well-produced. It's not unscholarly, though I can't imagine a scholar getting much profit from it. It adds something to the knowledge of the general reader, if nothing to his understanding.

It concerns events of the early Spanish expeditions to North America: the 'Seven Cities' of the title were found on old maps, and were taken to be cities of gold. The expeditions of Ponce de Leon, Panfilo de Narvaez, Friar Marco, Hernando de Soto and Francisco Vasquez de Coronado are gone into, as well as the adventures of Narvaez's treasurer, Cabeza de Vaca, who was enslaved by natives and earned a reputation as a doctor by saying paternosters over his patients.

The Seven Cities of Cibola lists its sources; it prints an index; it will be constantly out of the circulating libraries, and so it should be. Modest, unpretentious, it gives no occasion for the illuminating imagination that would use this material for a novel or a poem, nor does it show any trace of that obsessional concern for detail and for context that would have made it a real work of history. It is a kind of digest of printed sources for serious upper-middlebrows – an extended article in *History Today*. We may boorishly wonder why Mr Clissold should have bothered to write it at all.

Herbert Rittlinger took his wife, a vegetarian chef, a friend named Kleising and an ex-lumberjack into the Mexican jungle to find the last of the Mayas. There were rapids to be negotiated, an anaconda to be dodged, starvation to be survived (the lumberjack nearly didn't). All the maps were faulty. Even when one climbed a tree, there was nothing to be seen but trees. Mr Rittlinger's goal was the 'Lake of the Lacandones', and it's still not quite clear to me why he chose such a desperate way to get there, when it was so easy to return. Doesn't matter. Sporting people do things because they're difficult, and it was all a great romp – starvation, malaria, worms beneath the skin; stripped down to essential luggage, the explorers still carried coca-cola tablets and copies of the *Readers' Digest*.

Mr Rittlinger's prose (translated, it says, by Odhams Press) is sometimes pseudo-Hemingway, often dangerously arch, but it rattles along, and since the expedition took plenty of film, we may one day see the whole story on the telly if the BBC should ever need a supplement to Armand and Michaela Dennis.

Jungle Quest is one of those travel books written by people who have travelled in order to write a book (or make a film). The other sort of travel book, like *About Tunisia* and *Danish Episode*, is written by someone who has lived in a place or visited it, and the book emerges from the experience. My current touchstone for books of this second sort is James Morris's *Venice*; neither *About Tunisia* nor *Danish Episode* comes near that, though the first comes a great deal nearer than the second, which seemed to me a trivial and boring piece of work, and badly written with it – Mr Bryans refers to a tattoo as a 'dermic design' and says of a man with fair hair that he 'culminated in a blond mane'. A Danish friend tells me that *Danish Delight* by Monica Redlich is good on Denmark.

About Tunisia, however, communicates the author's enjoyment in living there, and, if only for a moment, makes one want to share it. Mr Anthony amalgamates personal reminiscence with general information in an agreeable manner. You could take his book to Tunisia with you, and it would be helpful. Or you may use it as second-hand experience, savouring, through Mr Anthony, sex with a dancer on a dew-drenched burnous, *couscous* in which the meat is the fat from a sheep's tail, horses colliding at a nomad wedding, the devotion of a jealous negress who attempts to put a spell on one's wife, or the Firbankian world of rich expatriates at Hammamet.

Lastly, *Look Back, Mrs Lot*, a collection of short funny pieces about Israel, not written to be read all at once, but many of them amusing on their own. Mr Kishon's comic method is exaggeration. His house is totally torn down at a Passover spring-cleaning. He is asked to pay 870 Israeli pounds customs' duty on a rocking-horse as a 'thoroughbred imported for riding purposes'. His friend Dr Honig (once an 'assistant lecturer' at Oxford) only keeps alive by selling candy to his pupils at a secondary school in Tel Aviv. Some of Mr Kishon's targets would be targets anywhere, and few of his hits are bulls-eyes – well, they hit the bull all right, but they splash all round it. But here is a touchy, hard-working, inefficient, idealistic, emotionally extravagant people, crowded together in a small space not over-suited to human habitation, assimilating immigrants from all over the world, and subsisting on gift parcels from the USA. It's credible.

John Bowen

Eighty

Picasso's Picassos. By D. D. Duncan. *Macmillan. 7 gns.*

When it gets difficult to see past the Picasso industry to the real man, 80 on Wednesday, who finds himself at the heart of it, we should imagine what it is like to be Picasso himself. If the monstrous feats of technology and grandiloquence oppress us, how must *he* feel? The answer is, apparently – acutely and ironically aware of the situation, the paradoxical, inverted situation of the artist-hero in the new world, and duly oppressed by it, yet undeterred. '*Everyone* is good! . . . All the world is good and I'm bad. Maybe it would be better if they were all bad and I good. It would be so much easier to work.' ('What saves me,' he once said, 'is that I get worse every day.') We are lucky. Warned by its harbinger, the ferocious promotion campaign (the latest beats all), we can hold tight and let each dazzling paper blizzard sweep by, trying only to hold on to a piece or two of the real news, some fresh scraps of real knowledge about the human faculties that are newly extended and displayed by this miraculously unintimidated man.

The latest gorgeous book illustrates the collection of his pictures kept in his villa *La Californie* at Cannes and recorded there in its entirety in 1960 by an American photographer. It is thus a document of great importance, but it is not easy at first to discover just what it records. The publishers advertise 'over 600 paintings by Picasso unknown to the public. The greatest "buried treasure" in modern art.' Then, getting warmer, '536 reproductions . . . in exact chronological order.' In fact there are 532. Ninety-four of them are well-known to the public that went to the Tate last year and many more, catalogued by Zervox and widely shown in Europe and America for 25 years, have hardly been buried. Nor did the *Meninas* canvases take much unearthing; all 58 of them were reproduced in the last gorgeous book a year or

The 102 colour plates here are said to be '*completely* unknown', but one of them was first illustrated by Gertrude Stein the year after it was painted in 1937. As for the exact chronological order of 'the gravure catalogue . . . of inestimable value to collectors, students, museums, dealers . . . ', Mr Duncan misses the dates on the backs of several pictures and the chronology comes to grief. (He is not invariably exact about measurements either.) Conversely, the first oval collage, which is one of the most famous works of the century, is given a date for which there is, I think, no warrant.

Cautionary words seem out of place in the general birthday jubilation, but they are necessary because the book is a good one. Mr Duncan has in fact plenty of real news and his illustrations fill out the story of Picasso's development at several points. Early on, after some juvenilia which have the eclectic *fin de siècle* charms that one expects (and a picture painted at 14 which looks like a damaged Magnasco), there are two remarkable, straight transcriptions of negro masks (1907-8). 1908 produces a *grisaille* reclining figure which records an unexpected glance towards Michelangelo and the High Renaissance. From 1918, the period of the ballets, a grand and simple guitar still-life appears revealingly as the back-cloth on a painted stage; it suggests the origin of features of the *Musicians* of three years later. In 1926 four little, complexly patterned heads are added to those which are familiar. The group shows the beginning of Picasso's play with facial symmetry and a picture of the previous year indicates that the idea sprang from the seminal *Three Dancers*. When he turned to the pattern again 11 years later, it led straight to the agonising geometry of the weeping women.

The greatest scoop is from the month of April, 1936, when Picasso, casting about as if at a loss, painted and suppressed 23 pictures, which are all reproduced, in the most disparate styles, some from the past and others foreshadowing the work of years ahead. 'That', he told Mr Duncan, 'was the worst time of my life.'

Mr Duncan is not much of a historian or critic (his mistakes with the subjects of transparently lucid pictures were tolerantly corrected by the master) and his pictorial journalism is theatrical and garish; the spreads of Picasso at home with which he introduces the book belong in a picture magazine. But he is undoubtedly an excellent photographer of pictures. Moreover by printing under his own supervision (in Switzerland – and selling the finished article to publishers in half a dozen countries) he has produced results of unusual quality. If he had not misleadingly enlarged five of the pictures his plates would be beyond criticism. In any case the book is indispensable.

Lawrence Gowing

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Kidnap. By George Waller. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

Lizzie Borden. By Edward Radin. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Silence Observed. By Michael Innes. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Worm of Death. By Nicholas Blake. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Deep. By Mickey Spillane. *Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I doubt whether a more thrilling book than *Kidnap* will be published this year. The 'whole story' of the Lindberg case, and for once the phrase means something. *Kidnap* recreates the events of four years, from the kidnapping in March 1932 to the execution of Hauptmann in April 1936. Usually we know the time of day, what the weather's doing; but it's not too much in a narrative with the threefold drive of detection, Greek tragedy, and social revelation. To this achievement George Waller has brought rare gifts as a journalist-historian, an avid sparkle truly American.

Nothing could be more American than the scene and the fever evoked. At first one is gripped by the crime itself, the open window and the home-made ladder, the arrival of the first guttural demand-note; various claimants step in, and two gangsters are employed to vet them; this shocks the clergy, one of whom engages in a false trail himself. Once the child is found dead, the murder-hunt begins: naturally it is the biggest in history. The fascination of this lies outside usual police methods in two lines of detection reaching forwards to a point of intersection: a psycho-analyst, Dudley Schoenfeld, brilliantly deduces the murderer's character, places him as a German living in the Bronx; a garage in that neighbourhood contains the plank matching a piece of the ladder which a wood-identification expert, Arthur Koehler, has been tracking across country with incredible patience and one stroke of luck. At last we are face to face with Hauptmann, tight-mouthed, an underdog who had once worshipped Richthofen and whose megalomania has driven him to attack the world's new sky-god: he bears some slight resemblance to Lindberg, and also has a baby son. In his own eyes he can't do wrong, any more than Hitler could in his, and it is ironical that he should have fled the one country where his criminality would have brought him office. As it is he protests innocence: fulfilled, 'justified', how can he be guilty?

But long before the hideous final scene of a chair facing an audience, a vaster and in the end more horrific drama has lumbered into action. The mob that had made Lindberg a god comes licking round. It relishes the stricken house; a whiff of hot dogs rises round the spot where the baby was found; the most damning evidence can be picked up outside the court, in the shape of a cute little souvenir ladder, one of hundreds. Lindberg's first words on the unhappy night were, 'Anne, they stolen our baby.' *They*, inescapably.

Lizzie Borden doesn't slice open a whole society, but it has its seamy side of malignant gossip, press vilification, and the dishonesty of later writers. Although in Massachusetts in 1892 Lizzie Borden was acquitted, she still in the well-known rhyme lifts her axe: and this is largely due to Edmund Pearson, who made himself the authority on her case and suppressed evidence he disapproved of. Edward Radin's rehabilitation comes as a surprise; he has surveyed all the evidence, and demonstrates clearly that Lizzie Borden couldn't have committed the two murders attributed to her.

This rebuttal of the prosecution's case follows up every scrap of available evidence, including a forged confession not produced till 1952, and clues are snapped up with a zeal that would make Perry Mason envious. But while Lizzie Borden is cleared for all time, the case against the servant Bridget still isn't quite made out. Why did she do it? Because she'd been told to wash the windows and felt too sick to bother: 'in a murder case I covered as a reporter,' writes the author, 'a young bride was killed by a window washer because she ordered him to use ammonia in the water and he resented being told what to do.' That has the frightful ring of truth. Our rhyme must be adjusted:

> Probably Bridget Sullivan took an axe
> And gave her mistress 40 whacks . . .

After this, fictional crimes look rather thin. *Silence Observed* does get away in its own right, and reveals Michael Innes in a new stance: here, in a Simenon length, he matches elegance and wit with simplicity. As one who never really kept going through his more elaborate mazes, I found this development most welcome. Club coffee rooms, collectors, art galleries, streets round the British Museum provide the ambience for a corpse shot neatly in the back of his baldness; and Appleby runs across rarities as a collector of forged Meredith poems who finds himself palmed off with a forgery of a forgery.

Another Nicholas Blake, and a goodish one written out of the pleasure of living in Greenwich. The river is its toughest character, fog plays a part, and it would be odd if the

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crazy barge didn't attract a crazier killer. Who-dun-it finally ousts could-be – if you prefer it that way.

After these doses of gentlemanliness, *The Deep* and Mickey Spillane, who has been away nine years getting religion. Will it show? Will deep call to deep? Will cigars still burn cherry-red? Will the male fist jab wrist-deep into an adversary's belly? No need for alarm, except of the right kind. Presently we hear the snap of finger-bones. Everyone's big, including the women, and you'd better like it that way; our hero, a new king-gangster proving himself, has a blonde who keeps close, hoping to see him die; Sergeant Hurd wants him all to himself, and lights go out before the shooting starts. Of course he kills his girl in the end, and on that last apocalytic page undergoes a golden transformation. Quite like old times. That's the trouble; they are old times, with a shadow of sadness over them that doesn't suit. There is no room whatever in this demonic world, half Webster and half-Runyon, for regrets.

G. W. Stonier

Conor Cruise O'Brien

Now that there's a pause in the Congo, with lots of people in this country resting happily on President Tshombe's laurels, it may be worth saying something more about the man who had to carry out the UN mandate in Katanga. Conor Cruise O'Brien's writings are not famous. They do not fit into any of the current factions and preconceptions. Connoisseurs of university criticism are unlikely to know very much more about him than *Time* magazine does, which dismissed him straight away as a dilettante. The British press itself was eager to represent him simply as a rash, belligerent minor monster. Nevertheless O'Brien is a very interesting man and his work as a literary critic and a historian has great quality.

He joined the Irish Civil Service in 1942; in 1955 he went as Councillor to the Paris Embassy and since the admission of Ireland to the UN he has been adviser to the delegation there, with a hand in their distinguished record. In 1957 *Parnell and his Party* appeared: this is a rich, exact inquiry into a body of politicians who 'served Ireland well and might have served her better if they had not – mainly through his own fault – lost their leader.' O'Brien's sharp sense of politics is fully engaged, but his book is no less an ardent appreciation of that lost leader and of the constructive solution for which he fought. Written under the name of Donat O'Donnell to comply with the decencies of public service, the rigours of which have meant that he has had to write quickly for the most part, relying on a sure taste and a disciplined intelligence, his literary criticism has been published in various journals about the world, this one among them. His book *Maria Cross* contains a set of critiques of modern Catholic writers, chiefly French, with Waugh and Greene as rather outlandish colleagues. The study of Waugh closes with a wisely modulated salute to that 'indomitably childish imagination which refuses equally the sway of modernity and middle age.'

It is hardly 'theology,' as a friend of his has suggested, but *Maria Cross* marks him as in some sort a Catholic writer. No doubt this fortified his patience with the wilder of his subjects. We are now, he thinks, 'in the last years of Christianity,' and the often savage and tortuous exasperation of a Bernanos and a Péguy may be considered a response to the passing of the faith. O'Brien's patience also runs to an elaborate and highly skilled account of the copious imagery in which this exasperation is conveyed. *Maria Cross* is an outstanding book in which he sometimes, in different ways, taxes his readers too far. He has also written political satire, notably a trio of excellent parodies in which the old Irish-American sage, Mr Dooley, was revived for topical purposes. 'I nivir cared much f'r young Kinnidy . . . Wasn't his father someth'n to do with th' British?'

Those who know him are intrigued by his versatility. A diplomat who is also a proficient writer, a writer with a remarkably various gift. Yet there is nothing forked or distracted about him. Really he is a rarer case than the talk of versatility would imply. Whether or not there is some ghostly principle binding all his works together (one Irish paper defined it as 'existentionalism'), it is clear that he is a man of character and style and that both are impartially expressed in diplomacy and literature. His career shows that the uses of literature can extend to diplomacy, recently immune, despite all those memoirs, from serious contact; it also shows that a sense of politics can be of service to the literary critic. In one of his best passages he observes – with a telling irony – that French literature

> has long had a very influential 'cult of the hero' school, in which the leading writer was M. André Malraux who now, as Minister for Culture, is giving the watchwords of heroism – *audace, energie, grandeur* – to the dynamic French youth of today. The Algerian war, as has been rightly said, is a school for heroism. And the cult of the hero is a school for the Algerian war.

He has called attention to the public or political uses of literature all the more persuasively in that he himself is far from myopic about matters of texture, tone and form. Lately he has stressed that the close concern with the text now widespread in English-speaking criticism, the new finesse about details and flavours, can lead to an undue absorption in the 'spiritual' content of the work in question, a neglect of the broad social or political point, and hence to a support for orthodoxy or the *status quo*.

O'Brien's double life as diplomat and critic, not uncommon in Ireland, has been commoner still, of course, at the Quai d'Orsay. His kind of Catholic radical, his kind of intellectual, seldom occurs here and is apt to seem rather French. He has always been a great reader of French literature. But he is equally well-read, in fact, in English, Russian and American literature (his own critical style can remind one of Edmund Wilson's). This, I suppose, is another aspect of his versatility, which tends in general to produce surprising contrasts. He has strong convictions and is contentious, but he has next to none of the usual partisanship, and is wary of laws and ideologies. In the same way, his respect for Africans does not preclude a certain scepticism about the pro-African sentimentality that has sprung up in the West, for example, the 'anthropological' notion that no one is backward. Again, he can occasionally seem dry and withdrawn: and he is in no doubt, for example, that romantic Ireland, the old ferment, what he calls 'parnellism', are all over. But he is also a romantic man, and very patriotic. It would not be easy for him to leave Ireland for good.

Karl Miller

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Primitivism and Bombast

DOUGLAS COOPER

Was Epstein a great sculptor? The question was posed in the boldest terms at the Edinburgh Festival in a massive Memorial Exhibition, a portion of which may be seen next week in an exhibition sponsored by the Arts Council opening at the Tate. The answer, it seems to me, is unequivocally 'No'. Why? Because Epstein's sculpture is the work of a man who could not make full or proper use of his medium, because it lacks depth, strength and invention, and because it is marred by cheap effects.

I do not doubt that Epstein was a sincere artist, a forceful and perceptive personality, and a man with a more considerable talent no doubt than many of his contemporaries. But having looked again at Epstein's work as a whole, I am convinced that it is not in any sense first-rate. Indeed I find myself unable, finally, to make any valid qualitative distinction which would cause me to put it above the work of pedestrian but decent sculptors like Bourdelle, Despiau, Milles, Barlach, Lipchitz and Lachaise, who to Epstein seemed 'academic', 'insensitive' and 'washed out'. Can it be said that Epstein measures up as an artist to Rosso, Maillol and Lehmbruck, not one of whom was a great master though each had inspiration of a sort and produced an impressive array of sculptural works? To my mind Epstein is a lesser figure, and certainly, therefore, he is left far behind by the most creative and imaginative sculptors of our time such as Rodin, Matisse, Picasso, Laurens and Giacometti.

'My language is form, in all its variety and astonishing wealth, and that is my native language', Epstein wrote in his *Autobiography*. From this and various other statements, it is clear that Epstein thought of his own sculpture as solid and fully rounded, though actually his technical approach permitted him to achieve little more than high relief. A sure indication of this is the fact that one feels the need for each of his sculptures to be pressed up against a flat background plane. This is particularly true of the great carvings in stone – *Adam* (1938-39), *Jacob and the Angel* (1940-41), *Ecce Homo* (1934-35) – no less so of bronzes such as *Lucifer* (1943-44) or *St Michael and the Devil* (1958), and as one would expect it is the case with applied decorative works such as the *Madonna and Child* (1950) or the *Christ in Majesty* (1955).

To all intents and purposes Epstein never created – exceptions may be made for *Meum with a Fan* (1917) and *The Visitation* (1926) – a sculpture in which the various forms and planes work together to define its exact spatial references and thus make of it an independent free-standing unit related by its scale to ourselves and our visual experiences. In general, Epstein's sculpture is conceived for looking at solely from a frontal position, and this is a severe limitation because it means that (as with relief) our experience of it is scarcely more than two-dimensional. This is as true of *The Rock-Drill* (1913) as of most of the portrait busts.

Look, for instance, at the portrait of *Admiral Lord Fisher* (1915), whose head from in front rises triumphantly above a stiff braid-and-medal-beplastered chest but when seen from the side has only a gaping tunnel below it. Or look at the veil-draped head of *Mrs Epstein* (1918), invisible from anywhere but in front, and the *Einstein* (1932) which, seen head-on, has form and an expressive face framed by a halo-fuzz of locks, but loses both form and meaning as a character study when looked at from the side. Sometimes the stand-point is reversed and in the *Lazarus* (1947-50), *Mask of Meum* (1918) or *T. S. Eliot* (1953) the profile view is the most significant and expressive, but that does not make them any the less two-dimensional. Only very occasionally does one come across a bronze such as *Dolores* (1922), the *Weeping Woman* (1922) or *Isabel* (1933) in which the artist made allowance for front and side views to co-exist with equal validity. Yet so far as true sculpture is concerned one cannot be content with less, because relief is only a half-way stage between painting and sculpture.

Epstein disregarded a basic sculptural element, namely the need to induce in the spectator a desire to move around the object in order to experience it fully. Now a prerequisite of greatness for a sculptor is an ability so to fuse different views – front, side and back – into a continuous whole that from whichever angle one is looking the work has formal and expressive meaning. With Epstein this is never the case: one has only to move a little to left or right, thus changing the angle of vision by 45 degrees at most, to see the image disintegrate. No wonder he confessed that 'working on a portrait in the round' was 'a really difficult undertaking'.

'My outstanding merit in my own eyes', we can read in the *Autobiography*, 'is that I believe myself to be a return in sculpture to the human outlook'. To which he adds: 'I have not been led astray by experiments in abstraction . . . the deeply intimate and human were always sought by me, and so wrought, that they became classic and enduring'. The deceptive inferences underlying these statements seem to me worth investigating.

There is no denying Epstein's 'human outlook', which is most evident in his vivid and affectionate studies of children, and in varying degrees informs all his portrait busts. These are never caricatural even when, through lack of feeling and insight or sheer ineptness, they turn out to be as empty and superficial as the *Duchess of Marlborough* (1917), *Ernest Bevin* (1943), *Winston Churchill* (1946), *Bertrand Russell* (1953) or *Archbishop Fisher* (1959). On the other hand, the best of them – for example the *Jacob Kramer* (1921), *Joseph Conrad* (1924), *Chaim Weizmann* (1933), *Norman* (1937) and *Vaughan Williams* (1950) – are shrewd and kindly summaries of a personality, carefully observed and presented without sentimentality. Nevertheless, it is extraordinary that Epstein should both have thought of them as 'deeply intimate' and 'classic', and also felt that he was struggling alone against the current of contemporary interests in tackling human subjects in a human way.

Admittedly, the acclaim lavished by so-called progressive critics on the 'experiments in abstraction' of Brancusi, Arp, Gabo, Bill, Gonzalez, Hepworth etc. at the expense of all other types of sculpture has confused the general picture of 20th-century art. But the fact is that Epstein's 'human outlook' was by no means exceptional or reactionary in itself because a 'human outlook' has been equally characteristic of Rodin, Rosso, Maillol, Renoir, Despiau, Lehmbruck, Matisse, Picasso, Laurens and Giacometti, who between them have created all that is finest in modern sculpture. Where Epstein did show himself to be different and reactionary, however, was in his acceptance of traditional formulas and in his unwillingness seriously to try and enlarge the expressive and formal language of his medium. He was not, that is to say, an inventive sculptor, and in this connection his 'human outlook' was perhaps a handicap.

There remains the question of 'intimacy', a quality noticeably lacking in Epstein's sculpture. Admittedly Epstein could achieve a credible likeness, but never is his work tranquil or profound in its human understanding. Not one of his portraits suggests that it was born of a feeling of deep sympathy with some other human being. On the contrary, Epstein tended to read virtues, charms or failings into his sitters and relied on a broad delineation of character to assist him in obtaining a spectacular effect. He wanted his sitters to appear somewhat over life-size, helped them to attitudinise, relished swagger and inner fire, worked up an effect of teneseness, puffed out a chest, exposed the breasts and emphasised details of costume and jewellery.

Thus the Emperor appears more majestic, the vamp more seductive, the aristocrat more noble, the mystic more withdrawn than in real life. In short, Epstein resorted to bombastic devices to enhance a human personality. None of this lends to his bronzes a 'classic' serenity, but then Epstein was obviously an incurable romantic. What is more, such devices gave his sculpture a challenging (though spurious) air of boldness and vigour.

By training and taste Epstein subscribed to the sculptural tradition of Donatello and Verrocchio, of Michelangelo, Bernini and Rodin, whose influences can be traced throughout his whole *oeuvre*. But in his early years in Paris and London Epstein was in contact with advanced artistic taste and stylistic developments, studied prehistoric carvings, developed a passion for African negro sculpture and above all discovered the hypnotising effect of primitive concepts and simplifications. He quickly reacted towards modernism, and soon the smooth pseudo-Renaissance style of the busts of *Mrs Ambrose McEvoy* (1907) and *Euphemia Lamb* (1911) had been replaced by the crude negroid or Aztec idiom of the *Oscar Wilde Tomb* (1911), the *Venus* (1914) and *Rima* (1925), or by the rough expressionistic handling of *Kathleen* (1921), *Dolores* (1923) and *Ferosa Rastourmji* (1923), busts in which half-closed or pop-eyes, fat lips and distended nostrils are used deliberately to evoke an exotic atmosphere Thus natural features and sculptural subtlety were lightly abandoned for the questionable glamour and compelling attraction of substitute alien traits and handling. As a result, Epstein became, like Modigliani, an uncomfortable mannerist sculptor.

In his later monumental carvings – *Genesis* (1930), *Elemental* (1932), *Ecce Homo* (1934-35), *Consummatum Est* (1936-37), *Adam* (1938-39), *Jacob and the Angel* (1940-41), *Lazarus* (1947-48) – Epstein tried to penetrate more deeply into the 'human' sphere by tackling the immense problem of revivifying our religious imagery. In this field, however, his failure was from the start complete, not so much because he was a poor and insensitive carver as because he was incapable of the im-

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aginative and stylistic effort which might have enabled him to bring off the feat of applying the formal language of primitive or negro artists to major Christian themes. Now Epstein was largely prevented from making this effort by a devastating weakness: his ignorance and hence fear of the structure of the human body. This ruined his first figure of *Christ* (1917-19), which is no more than a heavy portrait bust and a hand uncomfortably built into a *papier mâché* torso, while his conviction that 'a rest from the nude might do sculpture good' served as a pretext for never troubling about anatomy or using the expressive possibilities of the whole body. When he came to carve symbolic figures, therefore, Epstein took refuge in grimacing masks and an assemblage of abstract shapes magnified to super-human proportions, because he believed that they would be that much more impressive and terrifying. And he was so sure of his effect that he could write: 'At one blow, whole generations of sculptors and sculpture are shattered and sent flying into the limbo of triviality, and my *Genesis*, with her fruitful womb, confronts our enfeebled generation'. I should perhaps have discussed the role played by iconoclasm and sexual display in Epstein's work, but I have desisted because in his hands they were cheap devices – as the Oxford Street and Blackpool showmen realised – used to hold our attention.

It is sad that a man who was born with a real artistic talent and frequently proved himself capable of sculptural effort should have misapplied his abilities in so many ways. Posterity, however, may well be grateful for Epstein's portraits of our leading contemporaries, even if it finds that many of them look alike and does not rate Epstein highly as a sculptor.

Little Audrey

JOHN COLEMAN

Like some sort of magic toothpaste, Audrey Hepburn is forever being squeezed into scripts to rob them of oral offence. (The male equivalent is probably a squeeze of Lemmon.) After that string of geriatric high-jinks in which she surrendered to the seamed and creaking charms of Bogart, Cooper and Astaire, anything was on the cards – an idyll with Groucho, perhaps, or a stormy week-end with Sir Cedric Hardwicke. In the event, she has been used to purify George Axelrod's already bowdlerised adaptation of a Truman Capote story. *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Plaza) tells of a fey gold-digger whose heart finally melts for a well-set-up young writer and ex-gigolo; and it is an indication of the high professional gloss of make-believe thrown over this tale by the combined talents of director (Blake Edwards), set and costume designers, actors and Axelrod that it is unlikely to raise a blush, let alone a moral qualm. It doesn't raise many laughs, either.

The tone is set by the gimmicky, surreal opening: Miss Hepburn (as Holly Golightly), in dark glasses and a black Givenchy swathe, munching at dawn from a paper bag, raptly gazing into Tiffany's windows. Stop the projector and any frame from this sequence might make a *New Yorker* ad (*à la* Irving Penn or Avedon) for a dress, diamonds, or even doughnuts. When that writer upstairs receives Holly in his bedroom, his chest is an inhuman biscuit-brown that goes marvellously with the décor but reduces him to décor too. The camera takes one round wacky, modish apartments for all the world like an eager house-agent: context persistently swallows character. There are extenuating interludes, where the human race gets a look in: anything Martin Balsam, as Holly's first mentor, is allowed to do; a hysterical jamboree at Holly's; a near-Method bit in Tiffany's with a salesman stoically consenting to the engraving of a free-gift ring from a packet of crackers. But gloss and fine supporting playing are no substitutes for wit, nor do the scraps of whimsy floating every once in a while from old Holly's mouth in lieu of self-explanation ('I'm a wild thing', etc.) go to prove much more than that a lot of this film came, a mite recalcitrantly, from a book. Miss Hepburn gets away with it, if you can call it that, by continuing to be uniquely and glowingly unreal.

A larger disappointment has been John Cassavetes' second film (the first being *Shadows*), given its premiere at the London Film Festival this week. *Too Late Blues* focuses on the shallow world of jazz and jazzmen and sets off with raw aplomb to establish its contours and people: a white quintet, blowing in parks and welfare centres; their hangout, Nick the Greek's bar; the derelict girl, Jess, met at a party; the start of her affair with the combo's leader, Ghost, well played by Bobby Darin. Then the fresh vision that lends a human raggedness and vitality to all this is undercut by awe-inspiring concessions to sentiment: Ghost's values are imposed on the film. Stella Stevens as Jess is superb, though; everyone is good or very good, some tribute to Cassavetes' direction; and I'll take the opportunity to say more about this broken-backed piece when Paramount release it later on. Next week I shall write about several other interesting Festival films.

Rome and Romany

ROGER GELLERT

Murray Schisgal's *Ducks and Lovers* (Arts) is a rich agglomeration of high spirits and wide-ranging satire – some of it sly, some obvious. A thriving young ad-man of old Romany stock (Michael Medwin, of all people) is nominated by his dying granny to be King of the Gipsies – the last thing he wants, as he has emancipated himself from all things Romany, is earning £3,000 a year, has a really *lovely* flat, and is hopefully courting the boss's daughter. In this, as in professional advancement, he is pipped at the post by his best friend, and is finally and romantically reconciled to his former gipsy girl-friend when she reveals that she is willing, nay eager, to wash his socks.

The Mayfair bourgeoisie of the boss class, the tedious quaintness of Romany and the world of ad-men are attacked and demolished with equal zest, without suggesting any norm to which these absurdities can be related. The gipsies come off worst, as it is made clear that in spite of being wantonly odd, they are only frustrated bourgeois at heart. Mr Schisgal's comic invention is uneven and prodigal – the hero's mother is convinced that his vanished father has returned in the shape of a duck and his granny cracks up Kierkegaard, Buber and Marcel against Nietzsche, Heidegger and Sartre with the sort of unreasoning fanaticism usually reserved for rival half-back lines – but the wit is sharp and zany, and it was only some patchy direction and un-

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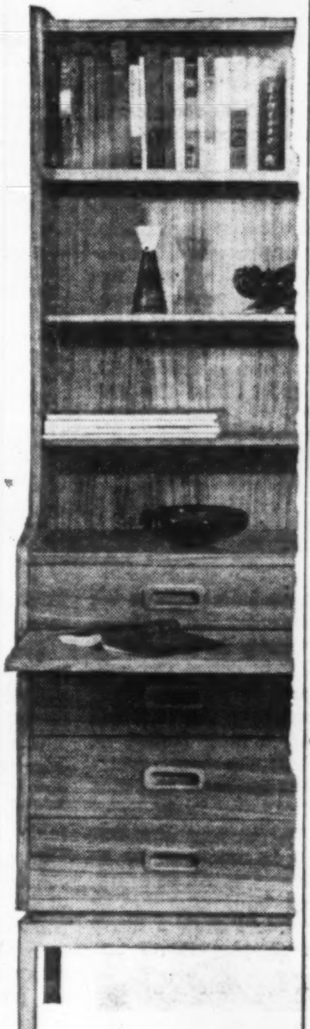

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confident acting that left the audience constrained in its laughter. A sentimental cod-song, 'A Gipsy Mother', for instance, was put over with such sincere clumsiness that it looked more like bad art than good parody. Mr Medwin, playing with nervous, mump-faced goodwill and an admirably straight bat, clearly knows what he is about, as does Graham Crowden (his delectably insufferable best friend), for whom I predict a glowing future in British films as the Richard Wattis of the '60s. The duck, it must be added, registered consistent disapproval.

A stainless, shameless vehicle for Dame Sybil Thorndike, *Teresa of Avila* (Vaudeville) compares interestingly with *Luther*. Each seems to me as totally unilluminating as the other, as unsuggestive about the nature of Vocation, and Dame Sybil's bustling, whimsical common sense is slightly less monotonous than Finney's recital of costive hatred for God and man. There is splendid energy, at least, in this peaky but irrepressible old bundle of saintliness, and through Hugh Ross Williamson's text, which has no central issue and no other actable parts, she beams unhindered. There are 15 glorious minutes with Ernest Milton as Philip II; just to hear that haughty, sinuous voice say 'Why?' in a drawl containing at least five inflections is a rare pleasure these days.

Graves in Public

ROGER COOPER

Long before zero hour a group of bearded and beduffled Oxniks were squatting in Beaumont Street, some reading from the Master's Collected Poems, some gazing defiantly at two prematurely bemused constables. Graves writes for the Goddess and her grudgingly given satisfaction is his only reward. He was terrified that his poetic integrity might be compromised by the acceptance of the Chair of Poetry, but reassured by two considerations: that a poet was the only person who could legitimately discourse on poetic morals; and that the admired Skelton had been granted the degree of Poet Laureate at Oxford in 1488, primarily for his classical knowledge.

This nervousness, far deeper than stage-fright, coupled with the fact that Graves, while a brilliant conversationalist, is no lecturer, dimmed his message a little. Graves recognises three types of poets – Muse-poets, Apollonians, who write for a public, although they occasionally write true poetry in spite of themselves, and anti-poets, who have never heard the Muse's call. Much of this Graves had said before, but never so concisely, so uncompromisingly. He also included an interpretation of the Cold War in terms of a Greek mythological prophecy: Hermes (politics), Apollo (science) and Plutos (money) have castrated Zeus (the established order) and propped him up as a figurehead king-god while they fight for power among themselves. The only hope is that the Goddess (the matriarchal as opposed to the pseudo-patriarchal woman) will come to the rescue and regain the power she lost 3,000 years ago. There were glimpses, too, of Graves the Old Soldier (Thermopylae 'a bad show' because only a token force was sent), and Graves the purveyor of bygone bawdiness (his account of St Ebbe's, the Oxford red-light quarter reserved for dons in the days of their celibacy).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,653 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

Most of us remember our 1940 shelter conversations and Nathaniel Gubbins's versions of those concurrently taking place in Germany. Now that American air-raid shelters are in the news, the usual prizes are offered for an American shelter conversation. Limit 150 words. Entries by 7 November.

Result of No. 1,650 Set by A. M. Robertson

Competitors are invited to write a paragraph from a standard History of English Literature in 2061 on any three of the following: C. P. Snow, K. Amis, Lawrence Durrell, *Punch* 1945-60, A. J. P. Taylor.

Report

'Once celebrated', 'mildly funny', 'fusty sterility' . . . so sounded the exact, dispassionate appraisals – except that quite a few were hardly as dispassionate as one might expect from a 'standard work', and some of the interments were carried out with conspicuous glee. The future seemed comparatively rosy for C. P. Snow's reputation ('he is well thought of in Uganda'). Less rosy for the rest. Amis and Taylor were seen to have declined with the years into respectability. More than once, Taylor became Historiographer-Royal. Ensconced in his Cambridge seclusion, Amis lapsed into 'a gentle humanity', the don 'who was to delight so many with his collections of ruminative essays, e.g. *From My Peterhouse Window* (*1984*)' (D. Hawes), 'the Oliver Goldsmith of the 20th century' (G. J. Blundell).

Two guineas each to L. G. Udall (for a fine *tour de force*) and R. A. McKenzie.

Fur ein schort period after vas we now know was der Second Round und bevor der Turd, so Dankfully won by Der Master Race, to der gross improvement of der English Language, das Englishen Literatur in doldrums was.

Amid die decadent frivol auf der time was ein Journal its head kept – it was Paunch. Mit faithfulness it the daily scene bei bilden und worden recorded.

It alive was kept bei zwei close freunds A. J. P. Taylor und C. P. Snow who zwischen theirsells did alles die bilden mit jest und joke make. Truthful ekonomisch and historisch articles also every week schreiben. Naturlich they did not their own names use but aliases made up als, Milkem Muggeridge, Kentish Bird und so weiter.

It is much aus diesem fuhrerin das English did begin to improve nach dem alte standard now we in gleichschaltung schreiben.

L. G. UDALL

No single book or periodical gave the balanced, definitive picture of that England we are seeking. According to *Punch* it was a world of stale jokes and stately homes; but *Punch*, terminating a long career under indifferent editorship, quietly put up its price and expired soon afterwards. It was a paper of which somebody once said: 'Wits go to Parnassus when they die; when their talents die, they go to *Punch*', a paper whose cartoons had all the bite of a toothless Academician. According to Kingsley Amis (*Lucky Jim*, 1954) it was a world of good, sound, half-tipsy, semi-educated males, getting into scrapes in their pursuit of the eternal female; while in the eyes of C. P. Snow (*Strangers and Brothers*, novel-sequence, first volume pub. 1940) it was a civilised jungle of the scheming ambitious, a social historian's world without warmth or colour. All were to some extent right.

R. A. MCKENZIE

City Lights

TAURUS

News of Cunard's last-minute decision not to go ahead with a replacement for the Queen Mary leaked out sufficiently in advance of the company's statement to soften the political blow. But the part of that statement which was of most interest to the City was not leaked. There had been a revival of speculative interest in shipping shares, generally on the grounds that the worst was now over and particularly in Cunard in the belief that a bid might be on the way. But first P & O announced that its profits would be lower this year. And then Cunard, as a pretext for shelving the Q3, announced that its accounts for the year would show a heavy loss. The boomlet in shipping shares collapsed at once.

Cunard's latest misfortunes are partly due to special factors. The political situation in Europe, first in Paris, then in Berlin, has proved even more effective than the President's appeal to their better feelings about the balance of payments in persuading Americans to take their holidays at home. The growth of traffic across the North Atlantic has slowed down sharply: the airlines have found only a few more passengers to match their enormous increase in their carrying capacity, and the number of travellers going by sea has dropped by ten per cent. But overheads on a liner remain much the same, however few passengers there are; costs have been inflated by two sizeable wage increases within the year; competition from the air makes it impossible to increase fares.

The misfortunes of 1961 are only an exaggerated version of an established trend. The airlines have accounted for the whole of the recent growth in traffic across the North Atlantic, and the number of passengers travelling by sea has been falling slowly for the past four years: Cunard's own share of this declining business has been falling simultaneously. The situation is not likely to improve. The world's airlines as a whole, thanks to competitive frenzy and the rapid introduction of jets with many more seats than there are passengers, are close to bankruptcy. The rat-race is fiercest on the North Atlantic run where every little national airline scrambles for prestige; the jets have been flying less than half full this year, and their losses are mounting. There is likely to be an excess of capacity for some time to come; even if IATA, the international cartel to which all the main airlines belong, manages to hold out against fresh cuts in fares, black market competition will probably remain strong enough to give the liners little chance of raising their own.

Cunard, not surprisingly, is now to take a long look at its future on the North Atlantic. The two Queens can be reconditioned and made to last for another decade, but they may find it difficult competing against the new (and subsidised) *United States* and *France*. A straight replacement for the *Queen*

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THE JACKDAW AND THE SQUIRREL

an economic fable

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a quite exceptional squirrel. He lived in a large wood in which there were many nut trees. And, like all squirrels, he was a saver. He gathered nuts for the winter. And this is where he began to be exceptional. He was a squirrel who knew what a good nut looked like. Many other squirrels, in the course of time, had begun to rely on him. He gathered nuts for them, too, and kept them safely. He did not hide them away—he had got rather beyond that. He thought to himself that a nut by itself was just a nut. But, planted, it became a nut tree, from which came more nuts. So he encouraged the planting of nut trees.

One day as he was going about his business, he heard a great squawking. "Hey you! You there!" said a voice. The squirrel looked up from what he was doing. He peered into the branches. And there he saw a large, glossy jackdaw. "That's a nice nut," said the jackdaw. "I'm fond of nuts. In fact, I need nuts to keep going." The squirrel did not reply. "Well, aren't you going to give me that nut I'm admiring?" said the jackdaw crossly. "It's not my nut," said the squirrel. "Of course it's your nut" said the jackdaw. "You've got it in your paws. I don't think it's at all nice, the way you're hanging on to it. Share and share alike you know!"—"But I do share and share alike." said the squirrel. "When the proper time comes round, I'll be distributing nuts to all the other squirrels. I just look after the nut-crop for them."—"You're a busybody, that's what you are," said the jackdaw. "Running round from tree to tree, gathering up all the nuts. Nobody else gets a look in. *I* intend to have a look in."—"Other people plant the trees and get nuts from them," said the squirrel. "In fact, I and the other squirrels have only a small share in any one tree. We don't like to keep all our nuts on one branch, or in one part of the wood. When the trees bear well, every creature in the wood gets a share. Even jackdaws do better—or so I'm told," he added.

"Oh, I know what you're up to," said the jackdaw. "You may not own all the nut trees now. But soon you will. Oh yes, don't bother to deny it. I've been watching you. You've been taking them over one after another."

"Look," said the squirrel, "I'm a squirrel, I'm even a professional squirrel. I have an interest in nuts. And that's quite enough. What good would it do me to carve my name on a lot of nut-trees? All I want is to make certain that there is always enough to feed all the squirrels in the wood. Most nut-trees know how to get on with their own growing without any help from me." And with that he went about his own affairs.

The jackdaw was so cross about this that he swooped down and grabbed the big nut the squirrel was holding. "Hey!" cried the squirrel. "Mind your own business," squawked the jackdaw as he flapped away.

So the squirrel didn't bother to shout any more. He knew that this particular nut had a worm in it.

But he thought that perhaps the jackdaw would like to find this out for himself.

MORAL:

Minding your own business properly leaves little enough time to mind other people's.

• • • • •

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION,
LONDON—AND ASSOCIATED
SCOTTISH LIFE OFFICES, EDINBURGH.

***Mary*, the new chairman now acknowledges, would have tied up all the company's savings in a venture which was most unlikely to be profitable. If it builds a large new liner at all it will be an up-to-date one, like the *Oriana* built for P & O by Vickers – a possibility Cunard seems to have overlooked until the tenders for the Q3 came in. But it has also to consider the future of Cunard Eagle Airways, itself running at a loss, which is proposing to run transatlantic flights in competition with BOAC; the future for airlines may be marginally brighter than the future for liners, but if Cunard Eagle gets permission to compete its losses are likely to get considerably bigger. Stockholders who have been opposing the Q3 should now try to ensure that their money is not frittered away on some other white elephant: their best hope still lies in a merger with another shipping line capable of putting its cash to work far away from the North Atlantic.**

* * *

Bid business, slack recently, is likely to pick up as the squeeze on profits continues. A typical new style bid is that of Courtaulds for British Enka, its only sizeable competitor in rayon. The bid is not generous, but British Enka has not paid a dividend for years and is now running into heavy losses: the Dutch AKU textile combine which controls it is accepting. Courtaulds has little use for the additional capacity it will be getting for its £2m. The polite word for the deal is rationalisation.

Mergers do not always come off. Firth Cleveland is an industrial holding group controlled by the Hayward family which became public a short time ago: a large part of its appeal to investors was based on the fact that Mr Hayward had taken two other self-made millionaires into partnership by acquiring the Broadmead chain of radio and electrical shops from Mr John James and a controlling interest in the Solartron electronics business from Mr John Bolton. In the past fortnight, however, the trinity has disintegrated. Mr James has flounced off to found another empire, and his shops are to be integrated with Firth Cleveland's own Max Stone chain. Mr Bolton, whose firm is greedy for capital, has transferred both it and himself to a US group better able to supply it. Firth Cleveland shareholders are put out but the company has made a quick capital profit of 40 per cent on the Solartron investment.

Company News

The *Charterhouse Group* is still not over the troubles of its HP subsidiary, and is paying no interim dividend.

Daily Mirror's half-year profit is up from £2.3m to £5.7m. The acquisition of Odhams account for most of the increase directly; indirectly, it has helped to reduce the high cost of promoting women's magazines. The increase in equity earnings is much less impressive, and the second half-year may be worse.

The £10m *LCC* issue was heavily oversubscribed and opened at an even bigger premium than expected. LCC issues, thanks to a constant tug-of-war between the Council and the City, are great successes and great failures in strict alternation.

Fisons has reported a smaller fall in profits than expected. The accounts show a drop in spare cash and a rise in spending commitments which suggests that the company can no longer be shopping around for something to take over.

The Chess Board

No. 624. Blissful Blundering

But for our blunders – and, Caissa be praised, the supply would seem to be inexhaustible – chess might well be a dull game or, at any rate, not quite as thrilling as it is. Here (Pietzsch-Larsen in the recent Dortmund tournament) is a case in point, a game which, round about the 24 move, is said to 'have made the audience rave with excitement'. Now watch how, even in the opening, those youngsters go much their own way.

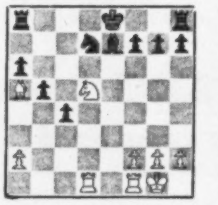
1) Ktf3 f5; 2) d4, Ktf6; 3) Bg5, Kte4; 4) h4, c6; 5) c3, Qb6; 6) Qc2, d5; 7) Bf4, e6; 8) Ktbd2, Be7; 9) Kte4:, fe:: 10) Kte5, O-O; 11) e3, c5; 12) dc:, Qc5:; 13) h5 ["Somewhat too optimistic", comments Teschner], Bd6; 14) O-O-O, Qc7; 15) Ktg6!, hg.:; 16) Bd6:, Qd6:; 17) hg: [from now on the threat of a Rook-sacrifice on h8 hangs over Larsen like the sword of Damocles], Qe5; 18) f3! [threatening Qf2 etc.], Ktd7; 19) fe:, Ktc5; 20) g3, Qg5; 21) ed:, ed:: 22) Rd5:!, Rf1†!; 23) Rhf1:, Qd5:; 24) Qh2, Bf5; 25) Qh7†, Kf8; 26) g4! (Qh8†?), Ktd3†; 27) Kb1, Ktf2 ch; 28) Ka1, Rd8; 29) Qh8†, Qg8? [The first of three successive mistakes committed by Larsen in grievous time-trouble. What he should have played was . . . Ke7]; 30) Qh4, Ke8? (Qd5!); 31) gf:, Rd2; 32) Qa4†, Kd8 [The last blunder]; 33) Rf2:, Rf2:; 34) Qh4†, resigns. I like the way that Queen triumphantly returns to h4.

Now here's a position where one solitary blunder led to glorious consequences. /3rkt1k1/p2r1p1p/1pppqPp1/8/2PRP3/4Q1KtP/P1P3P1/5RK1/. The ironic (and pleasing) point being that the glory of White came to a completely unknown man called Lütjens, whereas the sucker was a well known master. White played Kth5 and Black should have gone in for . . . gh: 2) Qg5†,Kh8; 3) Qh6,Ktf6:; 4) Qf6:†Qf6:; 5) Rf6:, with a bit of a chance As it happened he played . . . Qe5, and now came a *tour de force.*

2) Rf5!!, gef: [He has no choice since, after . . . Qe6, 3) Ktf4 would kill the lady]; 3) Qg5†, Kh8; 4) Rd3! (Qh6? being refuted by . . . Qd4†), fe:, 5) Qh6 [This looks like the decider, but Black still has a resource], Qc5†; 6) Kh2, d6; 7) Rg3, d4; 8) Qg7†, Ktg7:; 9) fg:†, Kg8; 10) Ktf6 mate.

Another blissful blunder (not so blissful for the loser, though), happened in this position which occurred in the game Filip-Darga in the Oberhausen Team Tournament of 1961. /6Q1/1bR4p/4pp2/p4k2/7P/4PqP1/P4P2/6K1/. For at least ten moves, the exchange and a pawn down and with nothing to show for it but a somewhat spurious mating threat, Darga really ought to have resigned, but he evidently thought of Tartakower's famous dictum that no one had ever yet saved ½ point let alone a point by resigning: as for Dr Filip, he failed to see that g4† would have forced Black's immediate resignation; instead he made the incredible blunder of Qh7:†, thinking that this would do away with the Bishop and therewith the mating threat; but when Darga nonchalantly played . . . Kg4 the Doctor resigned, well (but too late) aware that after 2) Rb7: . . . Kh3 would resume the threat without any saving resource.

A: Konstantinov 1961



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black, two pawns up but duly worried about his precarious e-file, played 1) . . . Ra7; 2) Rfe1,Ktc5; on the next move he hoped to get out of trouble by . . . Kte6, but in point of fact White forced immediate resignation. How? For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** (one of the classics) and **C** are wins. Usual prizes. Entries by 6 November.

B: Kling & Horwitz: /8/5p2/7p/2pk3P/1p1p2P1/8/3K4/8/.

C: Zachodjakin: /3kt4/8/4k3/2p5/6Kt1/2K1B3/4B3/4kt3/.

REPORT on No. 621. Set 6 October

A: 1) . . . d3! wins a piece.

B: 1) h8(Q)†!,Qh8:; 2) Be5!,Qe5:(best); 3) Rg8†,Kf7:; 4) Bc4†,Kf6; 5) Rg6†,Kf5:; 6) Bd3†,Kf4; 7) Rg4†,Kf3:; 8) Be2 mate.

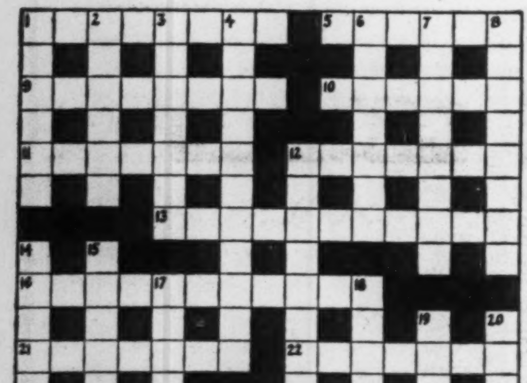
C: 1) Rg8!, Rd7:†; 2) Ktd6, Ke7; 3) Bg3!!,Bh6(forced); 4) Ke4!,Bc1; 5) Kd5,Bb2; 6) Bh4†,Bf6; 7) Re8 mate.

Not too difficult and quite a few correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, T. Ansell, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. W. Ecelson, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 481

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 481, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 7 November.



ACROSS

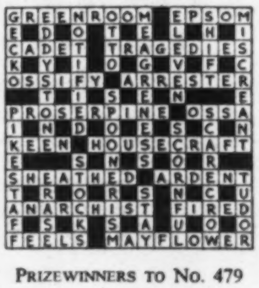
1. Man in spice forms an amorous attachment (8).
5. 'The babbling —— of the air' (*Twelfth Night*) (6).
9. There is danger in the swift preparation of medicines (8).
10. Car for an animal (6).
11. Hide in the attic once altogether (7).
12. Wood in once ruined city (7).
13. Fires about five hundred graduates as teachers (11).
16. Father backs a professional team to win the game and is nearly correct (11).
21. Hot in a Latin translation of a Muse (7).
22. Plant has to work round the arbitrator (7).
23. 'Blot out, correct, ——, refine' (Swift) (6).
24. Wake before the West is in difficult circumstances (8).
25. Track partisanship? (6).
26. Places where children embrace a man of the French cinema (8).

DOWN

1. Coin which provides the wherewithal for the company to eat sparingly (6).
2. Gets to know the humourist on the paper (6).
3. Thin wood is without honour in this place (7).
4 A swaying movement makes one sick during the holiday (11).
6. Messages which may be so clear when scrambled (7)
7. Half complacent, committed a crime (8).
8. Awkward as half the lines in school (8).
12. Give views about the rôle of class division? (11).
14. Father's efforts at cookery? (8).
15. Exalted with hearty approval (8).
17. Bit of Greek that confounds the moronic (7).
18. Mountain which proves that one woman is above all others (7).
19. To get entangled with love, you need a love-apple (6).
20. Daring fellows are almost best without a youngster (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 479



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 479

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Musical recital by Rajeshwari Datta, Saturday, Nov. 11 at 7.30 p.m. Seminal 'Tagore social and political thinker', Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2.30 p.m.

Enquiries P.R.O., India House. TEM 8484
TCCC Sec. SW1 4231. FLE 1821

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

An index to Vol. LXI (January-June 1961) is now available, price 2s. 6d. post free, from *New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London. WC1*

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF GHANA DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

Applications invited for two posts of

LECTURER IN EDUCATION

(a) one specialising in History Method or Social Studies Method and the History of Education. The successful candidate will be expected to make special study of the History of Education in West Africa.

(b) one specialising in Educational Psychology. Ability to take Mathematics Method would be an added recommendation.

Successful candidates will be required to take part in the general work of the Department, including tutorials, the supervision of teaching practice, etc. Salary scale: £G1,050 x 50 – £G1,400 x 75 – £G1,850; £G1,900. Non-Ghanaians an additional 20%. Entry at appropriate point. Appointment normally five years in the first instance.

Outfit allowance £G60. Car allowance £G150 per annum. Family allowance for non-Ghanaians for each child in West Africa £G50 per annum or, if under age of 21 and being educated outside West Africa, £G100 per annum (maximum five children). Part furnished accommodation at charge not exceeding 7.5% of salary. FSSU policies maintained if already held, or superannuation on similar basis.

Passages for appointee and family on appointment and normal termination. Annual leave with three overseas return passages in every four years for non-Ghanaians and one every three years for Ghanaians.

Applications (four copies) with full details of qualifications, experience, etc. and naming three referees to be sent before 20 November 1961 to the Assistant Registrar (London), University of Ghana, 15 Gordon Square, London, WC1, from whom further information may be obtained.

STENOGRAPHERS/SECRETARIES TANGANYIKA GOVERNMENT

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Candidates must be single women, aged 22-40 and of good education. They must be competent shorthand-typists (min. speeds 120 and 50 w.p.m. respectively) with at least five years experience of general office routine.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting reference M3A/53184/NJ.

OXFORDSHIRE PROBATION AREA

Appointment of Female Probation Officer

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of a whole-time Female Probation Officer. Applicants must either be serving whole-time Probation Officers or have satisfactorily completed a course of training approved by the Secretary of State. The salary and other conditions of appointment and service will be in accordance with the Probation Rules 1949-1961, the Probation (Conditions of Service) Rules 1960 (as amended) and the Probation Officers and Clerks (Superannuation) Regulations 1954. The appointment will be terminable by one month's notice in writing on either side. The successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Applicants should be able to drive a car.

Applications, stating age, present position, qualifications and experience, and the names of three referees, must reach the undersigned not later than the first post on 6 November 1961. Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify.

GERALD GALE BURKITT,
Clerk to the Oxfordshire Area Probation Committee, County Hall, Oxford.

SMALL country Home in interesting active village near London requires Assistant House Mother. 9 deprived children school age. Good salary, pleasant accommodation. Write Mrs Jenkins, Twitchells End, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF ART

The Governors invite applications for the post of Head of the Department of Sculpture. The salary is at present under review, but will be not less than £1,935 x £60 to £2,175 per annum, with placing according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned.

David C. Black, Secretary and Treasurer.
167 Renfrew Street, GLASGOW, C3.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for the following posts:

SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICER in charge of BEDFORD AREA OFFICE, vacant in November through promotion. Post involves supervision of four Child Care Officers and, possibly, generic course students. Salary within Scale £960 to £1,140. Reasonable removal expenses paid.

CHILD CARE OFFICERS required, for additional posts offering varied experience of all aspects of child care in Bedford and Luton. Good area office accommodation. Applicants should preferably hold a recognised child care qualification. Salary within Scale £665 to £975. Starting salary if holding Child Care Certificate not less than £820 per annum. Reasonable removal expenses paid.

Application forms and further details of the above posts from Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford. Closing date 4 November 1961.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS), Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY, RICKMANSWORTH AND SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

BBC requires a Head of Drama, Television (British subject). Incumbent will work direct to Controller of Programmes, Television and will be responsible to him for administration of Television Drama Department; for inspiring, controlling and co-ordinating its output; for development of programme ideas and techniques in Television Drama field; and for maintaining close contact with the world of Drama at home and abroad. Candidates should combine proved creative ability with ability to control and administer staff and resources. They should have had considerable practical experience in the Drama field, in Television, Sound Broadcasting, Films or the legitimate Theatre. Salary not less than £4,000 p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.494 N Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

OXFORD Committee for Famine Relief requires Regional Appeals Organisers for (a) North London (b) West Lancashire (c) North of England. Duties to carry out appeals throughout the region and stimulate all possible support for the charity. Ample scope for initiative. These are permanent appointments with pension and other benefits. Men and women with suitable backgrounds and real interest in the Committee's work should apply to the Deputy Director, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Social Studies. The University invites applications for the above-mentioned position. In addition to basic degree, applicants should hold social work qualifications from a recognised school of social work, and should have experience in casework, group work or community planning. The successful applicant will be required to participate in teaching, research and general activities within the department. The salary range for Lecturer is £A1,830 x 70 – £A2,330. The successful applicant will be entitled to participate in the benefits available to the academic staff which include FSSU-type superannuation, housing assistance, study leave and travel grants. Additional information on the conditions of appointment, staffing and activities of the Department, together with application forms, will be supplied upon request to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close on 11 November 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. University College of Townsville. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Preference will be given to applicants with a postgraduate degree and overseas experience. The main fields concerned are European and/or British and/or Australian History. The salary range will be £A1,830 x 70 – £A2,330 with the addition of a northern allowance of £A30 per annum. The successful applicant will be entitled to participate in the benefits available to the academic staff of the University of Queensland which include FSSU-type superannuation, housing assistance, study leave and travel grants. Additional information on the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close on 15 Nov. 1961.

UNIVERSITY College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Applications are invited for (A) Assistant Lecturer or (B) Lecturer in Economics. Salary scales: (A) £1,200 x 50 – £1,350 p.a. (B) Grade II £1,350 x 50 – £1,600 p.a., Grade I £1,600 x 50 – £1,900 p.a. Applications would also be welcomed from persons interested in secondment for such duties. Passages to Salisbury for appointee, wife and dependent children on appointment, with allowance for transport of effects. Superannuation and Medical Aid Schemes. Unfurnished accommodation at rent of 15% of salary. Assistance given for triennial visits overseas. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 15 November 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Part-time Leaders & Assistant Leaders with training & exper. reqd for Youth Clubs in Willesden. Remuneration: Leaders 29s. 6d. or 35s. p. evening according to qualifications; Assistant Leaders 22s. p. evening. Full particulars & application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 6 November. (Quote H.685 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Part-time Assistant Leader with training & exper. reqd for Willesden Jewish Youth Centre. Remuneration 22s. p. evening. Full particulars & application form (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 6 November. (Quote H.684 NS).

HOUSEFATHERS and Mothers required. Not married couples. Young adult Spastic centre. Active social life. Salary £475 by Annual Increments to £600. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Spastic Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon. Addiscombe 2310.

RESIDENTIAL post for woman (25-60) small club for East African women. Duties: supervision, light catering, interesting secretarial work. Box 6449.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BODENHAM Manor Residential School, Hereford, recognised by the Ministry of Education. This reorganised school requires an assistant woman teacher for the younger boys. The School is for 32 maladjusted boys between the ages of 8 and 16 years. The Managers seek someone sympathetic though not necessarily experienced with the problems of disturbed children. Experience of infant school teaching and music an advantage. Salary – Burnham scale plus emoluments for extraneous duties. Further partics from Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Rd, Birmingham, 30.

AN EXPERIENCED copy-preparer and proof-reader is required in the editorial department of Jonathan Cape. Reply to the Editorial Manager, Jonathan Cape Ltd, 30 Bedford Square, WC1, stating previous experience, educational background and age.

WRITER of children's books and newspaper features wants an assistant: young enthusiastic man who could begin to write – briefly but brightly – for children; someone willing to cope with a wide variety of subjects who feels he would fit in with a lively London publishing firm. Prospects for the right man are promising. Write to: Children's Editor, Dickens Press, 4 Upper Thames Street, London, EC4.

THE Committee of 100 needs two capable shorthand-typists; good salary. Unilateralist. Ring ARC. 1239 or 5524.

PERSONAL Assistant (lady) to Secretary of professional body. Main responsibility would be for small catering and maintenance staff, cleaners, stores and for general supervision and care of new building. Must have had secretarial or clerical training and experience in staff supervision. Box 6477.

EYELINE Films Ltd seek a first-class secretary for its directors. Her duties would cover the general administration of the Company's office at 77 Dean Street, W1, and there is substantial room for advancement within the firm for a serious-minded person. Starting salary would be not less than £750. Apply in writing.

SECRETARY wanted immediately for a Charitable Organisation for the Deaf. Shorthand-typing essential; prepared to act on own initiative. Salary up to £575 according to experience. Apply Commonwealth Society for the Deaf, 31 Gloucester Place, W1. WEL. 3108.

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LADY wide cultural background seeks private work with maladjusted female cases; London, Guildford, Reading areas preferred. Box 6441.

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Applications should be made to:

Head Office Staff Department (Ref. Trans. 3),
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LECTURES etc—continued from p.632

THE SIR GEORGE WATSON CHAIR OF AMERICAN HISTORY, LITERATURE AND INSTITUTIONS

STEPHEN TOULMIN MA, Ph.D

Director of The Nuffield Foundation Unit for History of Ideas

SCIENCE AND THE NATIONAL MIND

7, 9, 14, 16 November
Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5.30 p.m.

The Lectures will be held in the Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College London, Gower Street, WC1. Admission free without ticket.

NO COLOUR BAR ON IMMIGRATION

St Pancras Town Hall, Thursday, 2 November, 7.30 p.m.

TED HILL, REV. DONALD SOPER, STANLEY MAYNE, DR DAVID PITT, CLAUDIA JONES, FENNER BROCKWAY, MARTIN ENNALS, TOM KELLOCK

Tickets 1s. from MCF (374 Grays Inn Road, WC1) or at door.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District. A public lecture will be held at the Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1, at 8 p.m., Tuesday, 31 October 1961, when Sir John Hunt will be talking about the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. His talk will be followed by a showing of the film of the North-East Greenland Expedition. Admission 2s. All welcome.

DEBATE: Should Socialists support CND? Yes – Richard Headicar (CND); No – Melvin Harris (Socialist Party of Gt Brit.). Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Victoria, SW1. Sunday 29 October, 7 p.m.

ROY Brooks introduces Dr C. P. Blacker on World Population and Planned Parenthood. Fri. 3 Nov., 7 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1.

FILMS by Charles Eames (Repeat Showing). Six films by the prominent American designer. 'Day of the Dead', 'The Expanding Airport', 'An Introduction to Feedback', 'Music Sequence', 'The Information Machine', 'Mathematica Peep Shows'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 2 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Psychology'. The first of two commemorative evenings on Professor C. J. Jung. Dr Gerhard Adler – one of his leading pupils will lecture on Jung's work and influence. Chairman Sir Herbert Read. Thursday, 2 November at 8.15 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d.

LABOUR Relations in the United States, a lecture by Paul Prasow, lecturer in Industrial Relations and Personnel Management at the University of California, Los Angeles. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 1 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURES & Meetings of Progressive League: for November programme send s.a.e. Deverell, 46 Beauchamp Place, SW3.

BRITISH Guiana Freedom Association. Special Meeting of the above-named Association arranged for 29 Oct., Brixton Town Hall, 1.30 p.m. All Guianese invited.

THE London Society of Jews & Christians. Brains Trust on 'Possibilities of Cooperation between Church and Synagogue'. Chairman: The Very Rev. Dr W. R. Matthews KCVO. Panel: Rev. Canon Edward Carpenter, Rabbi Dr Leslie I. Edgar, Rev. Claud Coltman MA, B.Litt., The Very Rev. Fr T. Corbishley SJ, Rev. Dr Barnett Joseph. Thurs. 2 November, 7 p.m. at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St (almost opp. Selfridges), Oxford St, W1. All are welcome.

'BYRON et le Problème de la Vedette Littéraire' by M. Robert Escarpit. Institut Français, Queensberry Pl., SW7. Fri. 27 October, 8.15 p.m. Adm. free.

'THE Soviet Outlook on Contemporary Art' – Dr S. F. Osiakvoski, former director of the Courtauld Institute and formerly of the Bloomsbury Gallery will speak on some features of Soviet Art. The New Jewish Society, Wed. 1 Nov. at 8 p.m. Simon Marks Room, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1. Admission to guests: 3s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 31 Oct. 'English Caricature from Hogarth to Rowlandson' by Professor L. D. Ettlinger; 2 Nov. 'Probability' by Dr J. L. Watling.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Who are the Materialists Today? Dr John Lewis, 11 a.m. Sun. 29 Oct. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 31 Oct. – Attitudes to Youth & its Problems. Have they changed? P. R. Crellin MA. Discussion.

THE West London Ethical Society. 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 29 Oct., 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Great Agnostics': H. J. Blackham.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 27 Oct. 8 p.m. Alexander Werth: 'Russia – what next?'. Fri. 3 Nov. 8 p.m. Madame Marie Rambert: 'Ballet: the Bolshoi & the Kirov'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, Tues. 31 Oct. 8 p.m. Mrs Boutkovsky: 'Features of Life of Russian Tsar Mihail Feodorovitch' (in Russian).

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Harrow, Belmont Assembly Hall, Kenton Lane 7.30. Sat. 28 Oct.; Chelmsford, Cannons Restaurant, Duke St. 7.30. Mon. 30 Oct.; Banbury Town Hall 7.30, Mon. 6 Nov.; Horsham Town Hall 7.30, Tuesday, 14 Nov.; Bromley Central Library 7.30, Thur. 16 Nov.; Dorking Masonic Hall 7.30. Mon. 20 Nov.; Sevenoaks, Cornwall Hall, The Drive 7.30, Tues. 21 Nov.; Norbury, The Library, Beatrice Avenue 7.30. Mon. 27 Nov.; St Albans, Court House 7.30. Thur. 30 Nov.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec.

THE Art of Living. Six lectures by doctors and others on 'The Rules of Health', 'Relaxation', 'Personal Relations', etc. to help you live successfully in these difficult times. No fees and no strings. Come to first lecture by Dr R. Cove-Smith on 2 November at 7.30 at Essex Hall, 1-6 Essex Street, WC2. Further lectures on five successive Thursdays by other experts. Illustrated leaflet if s.a.e. to Lecture Secretary.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on 'Existentialist Psycho-analysis'. Conway Hall, Wednesday 1 Nov., 7.30 p.m.

MAPAM Discussion Group – Thursday, 2 Nov., 'Labour Party Conference', introduced by Anthony Greenwood MP, 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. All welc.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain Lecture and discussion: 'Modern Israel'. Fri. 3 Nov., 8 p.m. Memorial Hall, Windsor Road, Ealing.

SHAW Society, Friday, 27 Oct. 7 p.m. National Book League, Albemarle St. Miss Harriet Cohen: 'Shaw and Elgar'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 1 Nov., 6.30 p.m. 'The Middle Way', Miss M. Winder. Also Saturday 4 Nov. 3 p.m., Children's Class. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries: TAT. 1313.

'REINCARNATION in Literature', Public lecture. 29 Oct., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Prof. A. Newell MA: 'The Americans; How did they get that Way?' 8.30, Fri. 3 Nov. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Character and Conduct of Artists before the Romantic Era' will be delivered by Professor R. Wittkower (Columbia) at 6 p.m. on 1, 8 and 15 November at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, EC2. Tel. MONarch 2433. Four Lectures on 'The Modern Imagination' will be given by Mr Stephen Spender (Gresham Professor in Rhetoric) on Mon. to Thurs., 30 Oct. to 2 Nov. The Lectures are Free and begin at 5.45 p.m.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp (mention exam.) from E W Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

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KOMETA is the magazine for you if you are learning Russian at home or at school. Here is Russian you will want to read, written very simply and illustrated with many recent photographs. Write for a specimen copy of the magazine and details of subscription rates to: Mary Glasgow & Baker Ltd, 140 Kensington Church St, W8.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BED-sit.-rm & use facils in Chiswick flat owned by a woman lecturer of Russian. Heating, electricity incl.: 75s. Box 6505.

HAMPSTEAD. Comf. bed-sitter, use of kit., bath. Tel. MAI. 5196 mornings.

HAMPSTEAD: single furn. room avail. in flat of graduate architect (female). All facilities. Pl. ring HAM. 6102 after 7.

VICTORIA: 1 min. Station. Sunny, newly dec., unfurn. flat. 2 rooms, kit. & bathrm. £350 p.a. excl. Some furn.: left free by tenant leaving country. Ring AMB. 4170.

N8. Unfashionable Crouch End. Very comfortable bed-sit.-room. Use sep. kitchen, own cooker. Share bath one other. Business/professional woman. Rent £3 15s. Box 6532.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 300 double and single rooms, £5 full board 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon CRO. 2634.

HAMPSTEAD. 4th hipster wanted – own pad. 70s. 1 Nov. HUN. 1593/PRI. 4677.

LARGE 1-room flat, part. furn., elegant hse. NW2. All facs. GLA. 9088 aft. 6.

SUNNY front room in mod. flat, W12; balcony, fully furn. Suit business lady. Use 'phone, kit., bath, c.h.w. Reas. rent. Tel.: SHE. 5603 before 9 a.m. or evenings.

COACH-house for conversion. Secluded spot by river on private road, 50 mins King's Cross. £1,600. Box 6462.

RIVIERA: flats to let, reduced winter rates artist's hse Antibes. Box 6069.

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STUDIO-store required by artist/designer, about £1 per week. Please – not due for demolition. Area: W1, W8. Box 6472.

PROF. student (m. 30's) Br. Guiana, reqs s/c. furn. flat/flatlet. Advertiser quiet, meticulous, and house-proud. Long tenancy. Reasonable rental. Box 6452.

THEATRICAL producer reqs cheap double unf. flatlet West London within 2½ miles West of Piccadilly. Box 6473.

YOUNG librarian (f.) seeks quiet, furnished bed-sitting-room with own kitchenette, Hampstead area. Box 6362.

AUTHOR, wife, daughter (12), require furn. or partly furn. flat or share house, garden. London or Oxford. Box 6464.

WHERE TO STAY

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 426.

SCHOOL

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

PERSONAL

PARENTS & children ski-party Austria 27 Dec.-10 Jan. has vacs. Box 6493.

READER (m., 28) M/c area sks compans (m) plan hol. abroad 1962. Box 6344.

SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

CALLIGRAPHERS – see range of Christmas cards by Edward Cocker – 17th Century writing master – white on blue, from Ganymed, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

PORTRAIT sculptor guarantees likeness. From 30 gns. Polglase, HOL. 0982.

MIDDLETON Murry Week-end: 24 Nov. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Soft Toy Making'. Send postcard for details.

TEMPORARY shorthand-typists always available. GK Bureau, 196 Oxford Street, W1. MUS. 6858.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

GALTS Make Good Toys. Write for catalogue, order by post, or visit London's newest toyshop. Galts, Dept NS, 30 Gt Marlborough St, W1 (behind Liberty's).

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

HUMANISTS – there may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union (G), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN. 0461.

FAMOUS Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Courses in Fiction and Article Writing. (FLEet Street 7158/4734).

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

WIN – in easy £175 Letter Contest! Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success', No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM 2545.

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

KINGSLEY Amis, Brian Aldiss, Poul Anderson and Isaac Asimov all contribute to the November Magazine of 'Fantasy and Science Fiction' 2s. (2s. 4d. by post from Atlas Publishing Co., 18 Bride Lane, London, EC4).

NOVEMBER 'Labour Monthly'. Blackpool & Berlin: Robert Willis; The Shape of the Future: Stefan Heym; No Paws on Transport! A. H. Kitson; Blackpool – Brighton – Moscow: R. Palme Dutt; Common Market? Take Agriculture . . . : Arthur Jordan. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly. Dept N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'WORLD Peace'. The Journal of International Pacifism. Quarterly. Two years – $4.00. Post Office Box 6537S, Atlanta 15, Georgia, USA.

COMMON Market – Social Services; China and UN. Labour Research, 1s. 2½d. p.f., 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts, amateurs and intelligent beginners. Specimen copy 1s. 6d from: The Linguist (NS), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

HAMPSTEAD'S High Hill Bookshop is now open every weekday from 9-7 p.m. Nearly 2,500 paperback titles in stock. 6 High St, NW3 (HAM 2218).

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders, all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. Labour Party/TUC/CI Congress Rpts. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE,
Covent Garden, WC2.

THE ROYAL BALLET

30 Oct. at 7.30	Petrushka, Diversions, Daphnis & Chloe
2 Nov. at 7.30	La Fille Mal Gardée
4 Nov. at 2.15	Antigone, Symphonic Variations, Firebird
4 Nov. at 7.30	Les Patineurs, Giselle

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

31 Oct. & 3 Nov. at 7.30 Der Freischütz

Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066

OPERA Circle, Sun. 29 Oct. at 8 p.m. 'Carmen', Sadler's Wells production of original version. Shirley Chapman, Donald Smith, Raimund Herincx, intro. by Maurits Sillem. At the piano Hazel Vivian. At 4 St James's Sq, SW1. Dets: Hon. Sec., WES. 7513.

THEATRES

APOLLO. GER. 2663. Evgs 8, S. 5 & 8, Th. 2.30. A Whistle in the Dark. 'The stage blazes with danger', K. Tynan, Observer. 'See it for yourself', New Statesman.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Ducks and Lovers'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion' and 'The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet'. 6 & 8.40. Com. 7 Nov. Sherriff's 'The Long Sunset'.

PRINCES. TEM. 6596. Monday next: Polish State Jewish Theatre in 5 Yiddish Plays. Trees Die Standing, Baruch of Amsterdam, A Goldfaden Dream, Sender Blank, Tevye Der Milchiger. Season must end Sat. 25 November.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30 'The American Dream' & 'The Death of Bessie Smith' by E. Albee.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8.0, Sat. 5 & 8. 'The One Day of the Year!'

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30) 'Lady Windermere's Fan' 26-28 Oct. at 7.30. 'Come Back Little Sheba' 3, 4, (Mems 5), 8-11 Nov.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Farquhar's 'The Recruiting Officer'. Restoration Comedy. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. 'A torrent of high spirits', Times. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Importance of Being Earnest' by Oscar Wilde. 30 Oct., 1 Nov. at 2.30 and 7.30; 31 Oct. at 7.30. 'Frost at Midnight' by Andre Obey. 4, 6 Nov. at 2.30 and 7.30. Admission free.

A SPECIAL Preview performance of a new negro play, 'A Wreath for Udomo' by William Branch, in aid of the Negro Theatre Workshop and the West Indian Theatre Trust on Wed. 1 November at 8 p.m. at Lyric, Hammersmith. Tickets: 20s., 15s., 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

CONCERT

JOHN Williams. Guitar Recital, Wigmore Hall, Wed. 1 Nov., at 7.30. Works by Milan, Narvaez, Mudarra, Bach, Duarte, Torroba, Turina, Ponce. 10s., 7s., 4s. at Hall WEL. 2141, Ibbs & Tillett Ltd WEL. 8418.

ENTERTAINMENTS

5th LONDON
FILM
FESTIVAL

Tickets still available 3 p.m. Matinees, and 30 Oct., 6.15: 'Wedding Day', 8.45: 'Adolph Hitler'

BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN
Telephone Bookings Accepted.

Apply
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE,
South Bank,
Waterloo.
WAT. 3232/3

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Margot Fonteyn in 'The Royal Ballet' (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Nouvelle Vague Survey: Until 29 Oct.: Antonioni's 'Le Amiche' (The Girl Friends) (A). From 30 Oct.: Antonioni's 'L'Avventura' (X).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

CND Hallowe'en Party – Cabaret, Jazz Band, Novelties. Tuesday, 31 October, 7-11 p.m. Holborn Assembly Rooms, Theobalds Rd, WC1. Tickets at door – adults 4s., youth 3s.

CELEBRATION Party China's twelfth anniversary. Saturday 4 Nov. at 8 p.m. Chinese guests. John Williams, guitar. 122c Finchley Rd, NW3 (opp. Finchley Rd Station). 7s. 6d. including buffet supper. Non-members welcome. Hampstead BCFA.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat., 28 Oct., 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

THE LINCOLN GALLERY

ALEXANDER CALDER

The Gouaches

8 SLOANE STREET, SW1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Vasarely – Recent Paintings. Until 25 Nov. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tapisseries de Petit Format – Picasso, Arp, Braque, Ernst, etc. Until 18 Nov. Also 'Picasso is 80' until 11 Nov. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'French Landscapes'. Bonnard, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. In aid of British ORT. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

BUTE Gallery, 3 Bute Street, Sth Kensington. The Face of Ghana; paintings by Colvin Meik. 26 October-9 November.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent watercolours, Larry Bigelow. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

MOLTON Gallery. Recent paintings by the American Artist Ann Cole Phillips, 25 October-13 November. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITION Paintings, Pottery, etc. In Aid of the Daily Worker. Fri. 3 Nov. 8-10 p.m. Sat. 4 Nov. 11 a.m.-7 p.m., 13 Robert St, NW1. Admission 1s.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 4 November. Sculpture by Frances Gray, Paintings by Ratcliff. Permanent: Crozier, Lacasse, Portway, Tate.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Memorial Exhibition of Paintings, Tapestries and Drawings by Percyval Tudor-Hart. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New series Paintings John Bratby.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MODERN Jewellery. 800 pieces from 32 countries at International Exhibition of Modern Jewellery (1890-1961), Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2. Daily 10.30-6.30 (Not Sundays) 26 Oct.-2 Dec. Adm. 3s. 6d. (Students 1s. 6d.).

MASTERPIECES of French Painting from the Bührle Collection including paintings by Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, van Gogh, Manet, Monet, Renoir. Arts Council exhibition. National Gallery. Till 5 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

MODERN Stained Glass. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. (GRO. 6755). 'The New New York Scene'. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Until 28 October. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mark Rothko: An exhibition of paintings from 1945-1960. 11 October-12 November. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings by Henry Sanders. Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London. W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m. Old and Modern Masters.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Anthony Whishaw. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY. 4419. Paintings, drawings and photographs by Cecily Ben-Tovim, Joan Knoblock, Errol Jackson, Lyall Watson – People of Our Time. Paintings by Till Norland. 23 Oct.-11 Nov.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

COMMITTEE OF 100

will hold a MASS FORUM in

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

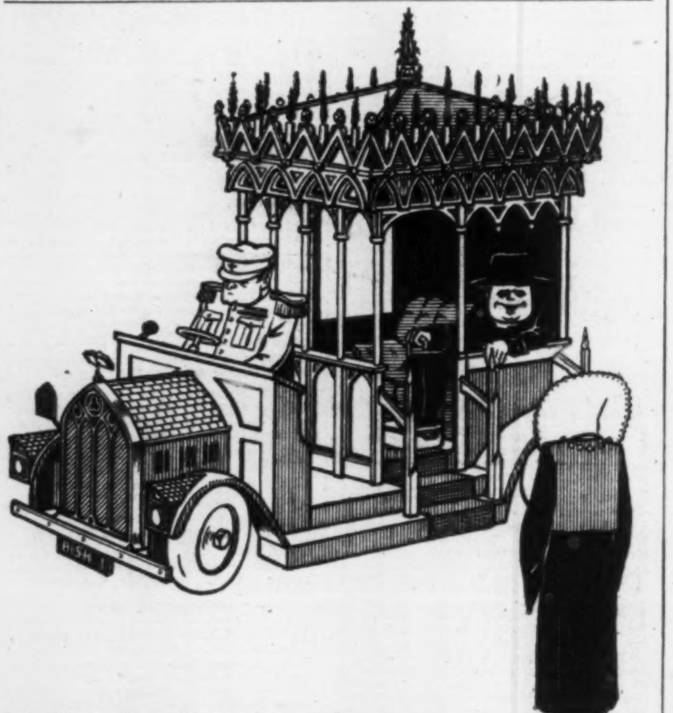
2.30, Sunday, 29 October

Speakers: EARL RUSSELL, JAMES CAMERON and others.

Questions and discussion invited.

Meeting is to explain the need for Civil Disobedience.

JOHN Creasey on 'The Business of Writing'. Thursday, 2 November, 8 p.m., Hampstead Town Hall. Admission Free.



'I do like to feel at home in a car.'

Donald Parker

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE FABIAN SOCIETY and
THE CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY

FABIAN AUTUMN LECTURES

Wednesdays at 7.15 p.m.
Livingstone Hall, Tothill St, SW1.

THE ARTS, COMMUNICATION AND SOCIETY

1 November Edward Shils
THE SERIOUS, THE FRIVOLOUS AND THE BRUTAL

8 November John Beavan
THE IMPACT OF THE PRESS ON THE PUBLIC

15 November Richard Wollheim
COMMUNICATION AND COMMITMENT.

22 November Raymond Williams
THE EXISTING ALTERNATIVES

Series: front rows 12s. 6d.; other seats 7s. 6d. Single lectures: front rows 4s.; others seats 2s. 6d.

Tickets from Lectures Secretary,
11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. (WHI. 3077)

Colour Prejudice Must Go

MARTIN LUTHER KING

American Negro, Christian Leader of Non-violent Action in USA

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No. 17 in South African Treason Trial

Stuart Hall

West Indian, Editor of New Left Review

CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER,
Monday, 30 October, 7.30 p.m.

Tickets 3s. reserved, 1s. 6d. unreserved from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4. Tel.: CITy 6869.

FRIENDS OF THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
Thursday, 2 November 1961
at 5.30 p.m.,
THE ASSEMBLY HALL,
University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1
Followed by:
THE FIFTH HERBERT SAMUEL LECTURE
'JEWISH AND OTHER NATIONALISM'
by: PROFESSOR HUGH TREVOR-ROPER
Chairman: THE RT HON. VISCOUNT SAMUEL OM
Admission free. Friends and guests welcome.

FABIAN SOCIETY and
CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY

FABIAN AUTUMN LECTURES

Wednesday, 1 November, 7.15 p.m.
Livingstone Hall, Westminster, SW1.

THE SERIOUS, THE FRIVOLOUS AND THE BRUTAL

Edward Shils

Front rows 4s.; other seats 2s. 6d. Series tickets still available.

Tickets from Lectures Secretary,
11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. (WHI. 3077)

FRIDTJOF NANSEN CENTENARY MEETING

Royal Geographical Society,
Kensington Gore, SW7.
Thursday, 2 November 1961, 6 p.m.

CHAIRMAN The Lord Shackleton

SPEAKERS
Odd Nansen, Felix Schnyder, UN High Commissioner for Refugees, The Right Hon. Philip Noel-Baker MP.

Tickets free from the Standing Conference of British Organisations for Aid to Refugees, 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1.

'THE New Left after Blackpool'. Discussion and Members' Meeting, Monday 30 October, 8 p.m. London NLR Club, Partisan Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.631

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